

THE AMERICAN GIRL

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume VI, No. 6

MARCH, 1923

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
One Dollar and Half Per Year

2 SECTIONS

SECTION 1



:: INTERNATIONAL NUMBER ::

THE AMERICAN GIRL

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Effective March 1, 1923

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

1. Re:—**Discontinuing Ready-to-Sew Uniforms.** Ready-to-sew uniforms have been discontinued as an item of official Girl Scout equipment and stock of same is no longer carried at National Headquarters. In place of these the khaki is sold by the yard along with the make-up sets which contain complete with pattern all necessary trim to be used by a Scout making her own uniform.
2. **Captains and Lieutenants Pins.** These pins have been discontinued and stock is no longer carried of same.

UNIFORMS

	Size	Price		Size	Price
LONG COAT	10-18	\$3.50	WEB BELT	28-38	\$0.60
	38-42	4.00	Leather for officers	28-38	2.50
SHORT COAT SUIT	10-18	4.50	MIDDY—Official khaki	10-40	1.75
	38-42	5.00	¶ NECKERCHIEFS, each40
SKIRT	10-18	2.00	Black Silk		2.00
	38-42	2.50	PUTTEES, Women's sizes		3.00
BLOOMERS	10-42	2.25	Girl's sizes		2.00
NORFOLK SUITS—Officers:			SWEATER—Slip-over type	34-40	6.50
Khaki, light weight	34-42	7.00	Coat type	3-40	7.50
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	15.00	WATERPROOF COATS		7.00
Serge	34-42	35.00	WATERPROOF CAPES		7.00
HATS, Officers	7½-8	3.50	¶Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale		
HATS, Scout	6½-8	1.50	yellow, cardinal, black, yellow.		
CANVAS LEGGINS, Pair		1.00			

BADGES

x ATTENDANCE STARS		x * MEDAL OF MERIT	\$1.00
Gold	\$0.20	x PROFICIENCY BADGES15
Silver15	x SECOND CLASS BADGE15
x FIRST CLASS BADGE25	x * THANKS BADGE	
x FLOWER CRESTS15	Heavy gold plate with bar	3.00
x * LIFE SAVING CROSSES		Gold Plate Pins75
Silver	1.75	Silver Plate75
Bronze	1.50		

PINS

x BROWNIE	\$0.25	x TENDERFOOT PINS	
x COMMITTEE75	10K Gold (safety catch)	3.00
x * COMMUNITY SERVICE25	Gold Filled (safety catch)75
x * GOLDEN EAGLET	1.50	New plain type15
x LAPELS—G. S.—Bronze	0.50	Old style plain pin08

INSIGNIA

x ARMBAND	\$0.15	x HAT INSIGNIA (for Captain's hat)	\$0.50
x CORPORAL CHEVRON10	x LAPELS—G. S., for Scouts20
CUFF LINKS, pair	1.25	x PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON15
x EX-PATROL LEADER'S CHEVRON20		

SONGS

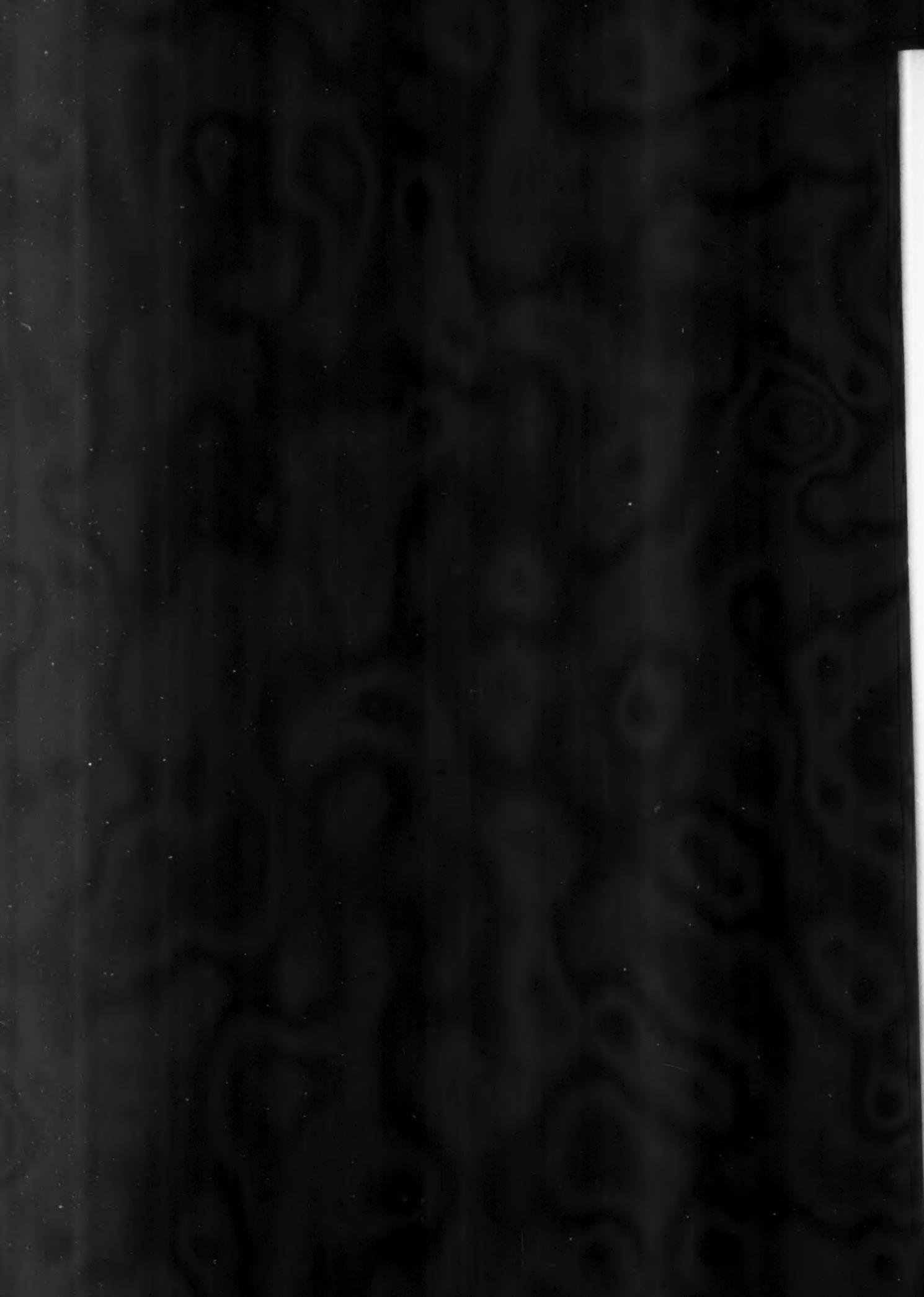
AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL	\$0.05	GIRL SCOUT SONG SHEET	\$0.04
ENROLLMENT10	Lots of 10 or more03
EVERYBODY OUGHT TO BE A		GOODNIGHT15
SCOUT15	OH, BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY05
FIRST NATIONAL TRAINING		ON THE TRAIL:	
SCHOOL25	Piano edition60
GIRL GUIDE60	Midget Size05
GIRL SCOUTS ARE TRUE15	Lots of 10 or more02
GIRL SCOUT SONGS		ONWARD10
Vocal Booklet10	TO AMERICA25
Piano Edition30	BE PREPARED. Girl Guide Song35

SPECIAL NOTE

These prices are subject to change without notice

* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.





THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

with this purpose. For Dr. Williams has succeeded in so avoiding a "mere recitation of informational hygiene" that his book is bound to be a boon to the Captain of a Girl Scout troop who is "up against" the practical problem of hygiene.

From time to time we hope to find space in the *News* to print especially appropriate extracts, beginning with a list of approved games and exercises for girls of different ages. In the meantime, look up this list of athletic activities which are classified as condemned, doubtful, safe, or especially beneficial for mature and immature girls. And after you have done that you will want to own the book.—E. G. B.

"THE WHITE HEART OF MOJAVE,"
by Edna Brush Perkins. Pub. by
Bonni & Liveright. \$3.00.

A tale of out-of-doors, or of adventure, is usually a safe selection for entertaining the Girl Scout, and this book is a combination of both. It is the story of two women who ventured alone into that terrible yet magnificent desert where the author tells us is to be had the climax of the feeling of outdoors. The eloquence of silence, the majesty of space, the splendor of desert colorings—maroons, violets, black purples, velvet indigos, against a dazzling background of glaring white sand—all furnish a vivid setting for the thrilling and amusing incidents that make the book read like a story. Scouts will greet as good friends the experiences of night under the stars, of bulging duffle bags, of fire building, and the eating of innumerable dried prunes. That camping in the desert can be a joy as well as a possibility will be a revelation to many of us.—E. G. B.

REGISTRATIONS

On January 1, 1923, we changed our method of recording registrations, which was to distinguish between old and new Scouts, and to publish only the active members at any given time. Because of the scattered and shifting condition of our troops the exact figure for any given month was exceedingly difficult to get. Thus, at any given time many troops which should register during that month would be delayed, and it seemed unfair to count them out, especially as they would come up for re-registration sooner or later, and if they had been counted out, would have to be registered as new troops.

The new plan is to record month by month *all* registrations, and publish them by class of members, distinguishing between Council members, Troop Committee members, Troop officers, regular Girl Scouts, and Brownies.

The registrations will be given in three columns, (A) for the month just ended, (B) for the year to date,

(C) for the grand total of all ever registered since Headquarters was established. This is on the principle of "once a Scout, always a Scout." At the end of the year it will be possible to say just how many active Scouts there have been in the sense of having been registered during that year. Table I below shows these figures for the first month of 1923.

TABLE I. REGISTRATION OF GIRL SCOUTS
JANUARY 31, 1923

REGISTERED AS:	A MONTH OF JANUARY 1923	B TOTAL YEAR TO DATE	C CUMULATIVE TOTAL SINCE 1912
1. Chartered Councils	2	2	295
2. Council Members	2	2	295
3. Troop Committee Members	319	319	6,392
Commissioned Officers:			
4. Captains	13	13	13
5. 1st Lieutenants	317	317	14,356
6. 2nd Lieutenants	211	211	7,848
7. Total Commissioned Officers ...	77	77	1,321
8. Total Registered Officers (2, 3 and 8)	605	605	23,525
9. Girl Scouts	937	937	29,930
10. Brownies	6,213	6,213	305,165
11. Total Scouts (9 and 10)	80	80	1,573
12. Grand Total Registered (8&11)	6,293	6,293	306,738
	7,230	7,230	336,668

RED CROSS INSTRUCTION FOR GIRL SCOUTS

In the February number of "THE FIELD NEWS," announcement was made of the recent agreement between the national authorities of the Red Cross and of the Girl Scouts.

Girl Scout officers wishing to obtain the pamphlet, "Red Cross Instruction In Home Hygiene And Care Of The Sick For Girl Scouts," (A.R.C. 719, 12-22) apply to National Headquarters Girl Scouts, instead of to the Red Cross Headquarters, as suggested in the earlier notice.

Information about how to secure an instructor for any given locality should be directed to Mrs. Isabelle W. Baker, Director, Instruction in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.; or to the nearest Division office of the Red Cross.

By permission of the Red Cross we are reprinting instructions that the Red Cross is sending out to instructors and Division Managers.

TO INSTRUCTORS TEACHING GIRL SCOUTS HOME HYGIENE AND CARE OF THE SICK.

You will be interested in knowing the main reasons for developing a National plan of co-operation between the Red Cross and the Girl Scout Organizations.

1. This enables us to send instructions to all of you as Red Cross Home Hygiene instructors—through the Division offices—urging you to become familiar with the Girl Scout Organization and its Handbook requirements. ("Scouting for Girls" is the official Scout Handbook.)
2. This will aid in standardizing the instruction in these fundamental and important subjects, from the angle of the Girl Scout Organization as well as from the Red Cross.

Our recommendations are based on the experience and demonstrations conducted for three or four years in the New England Division. Please note particularly the changes in the general instructions:

1. Size of class (maximum 16 members instead of 20).
2. Minimum number of hours (30 instead of 22½).
3. Additional subjects (care of fractures, control of severe bleeding, and Schaefer method of resuscitation).

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

The members of the class should in turn be subjects for all demonstrations except the placing of the bedpan, the bed bath and enema.

The instruction should be simple but thorough. If, for instance, a cleansing bath is well taught and the students have practiced it, the rudiments of a bath have been instilled; then, if occasion arises to give a cool bath to reduce temperature, a demonstration or additional instruction is all that will be necessary. Put the emphasis on fundamentals of bathing and practice. This is also true of a baby's bath. Teach the fundamentals; and, if necessary for a Home Hygiene student to bathe a new born baby, the additional instruction should be given by the physician.

In teaching the additional subjects which are included in this outline by courtesy of the First Aid Service, please keep the instructions simple and practical. Follow the procedure and instructions in "Scouting for Girls," pages 164-194, which has been approved by the Red Cross First Aid Service.

In all probability the Captain has taught the troop the "lifts" and "improvised stretcher" which will supplement your demonstration of First Aid in an accident. If you "stage an accident" ask the Captain to supervise the carrying of the injured Scout to an "auto, street car or house." Care should be taken to demonstrate only First Aid procedures which are safe for the class to use.

On page 171, "Scouting for Girls," under treatment for burns, you will see that caron oil is listed as one of the remedies. Please note that the Red Cross does not recommend the use of caron oil, nor, I believe, do the best authorities. To those listed, add picric acid gauze, which is especially recommended and should be in every emergency cabinet.

One of the *don't's* for instructors: do not teach bandaging as such! This is included in the Red Cross First Aid course. Use improvised bandages, such as neckerchief, unbleached muslin for triangular or four-tailed bandages; suggest an old sheet or table cloth for home bandages. See page 28, Red Cross First Aid textbook (general edition); and page 204, "Scouting for Girls". An illustration of a bandage being taught by Com. Longfellow of the Red Cross is attached; this procedure should be used for a sprained ankle and is a bandage in which each Scout should be proficient. The Scout Officers are also teaching this method.

Fractures—One of the most important things to teach is what *not* to do! Think back, and ask yourself how many times you, with your experience and training, have had to render first aid for fractures. See "Scouting for Girls", page 180.

Some of you will be fortunate enough to have the opportunity of going on Scout hikes and so be able to teach this lesson, and that of controlling severe bleeding, under conditions frequently attending real accidents.

Severe Bleeding—Even though the Scout Handbook speaks of hemorrhage and tourniquet, try not to use these terms in class. Refer to severe bleeding and how to control it, especially by pressure and position.

Artificial Respiration — Schaefer method is used (see attached instruc-

tions). If you are not sure of the subject yourself, ask a physician or Red Cross Life Saver to show you the demonstration. Each student under your supervision must act as both the *subject* and the *resuscitator*.

If there is any doubt in instructions or procedure, please write to your Division Director of Home Hygiene, stating your questions or problems.

Usually the Scouts are examined in the different tests at a "Court of Awards," but as stated in the pamphlet the merit badges in the four health subjects will automatically be issued to the Scouts if they have received a Red Cross certificate in Home Hygiene, and lived up to their Handbook requirements. The responsibility of issuing a certificate has been put up to you as Red Cross instructor, and we depend upon you to conscientiously accept this responsibility and uphold the Red Cross and Girl Scout standards to the best of your ability.

Your National Director of Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick worked with the Girl Scouts for several years, teaching them Home Hygiene as well as examining in their "Court of Honor," and found them an exceedingly interesting and co-operating group with whom to work.—National Headquarters, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

January, 1923.

Form 719

THE AMERICAN-RED CROSS
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
For action by Division Manager

In reply
please refer to
V.C.421 - H.H.S

To: Division Managers
From: James L. Fieser, Vice Chairman
in Charge of Domestic Operations.

Date: January 10, 1923.
Subject: ARC 719, Instruction in Home
Hygiene and Care of the Sick
for Girl Scouts.

We have made an arrangement with the Girl Scout Organization, Inc., for giving instruction in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick to their members. Full information concerning this agreement is incorporated in the attached pamphlet, ARC 719. A supply of these pamphlets is being sent your Division. If you need more, they may be requisitioned.

The Girl Scouts have frequently asked Chapters for Red Cross Home Hygiene instruction for their officers and troops and have been refused or referred to some other organization, because the Chapter in question had no instructor or was inactive or uninterested.

Please notify all Chapters that inquiries or requests for Home Hygiene instruction must not be refused without being referred to the Division Director of Home Hygiene. If the Chapter is inactive or inactive in this particular activity, the Division Director of Home Hygiene, with the consent of the Chapter, should arrange for such instruction, appointing either a local or itinerant instructor.

We have promised the Girl Scouts that our Division Directors of Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick will use every effort to meet their needs even if the Chapter is inactive.

Further information and advice will be forwarded by Mrs. Baker, National Director, to the Division Directors of Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick to be transmitted to the instructors within their jurisdiction.

JAMES L. FIESER,

Vice Chairman.

File No. 520.3
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ID41.

16331

(Important Information on Back of this Sheet)

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National Headquarters
189 Lexington Ave., New York City

REGISTRATION BLANK

NATIONAL COUNCIL:

Date.....19...

Enclosed herewith I am sending you check—M.O.—Cash for \$..... in payment of the following:

Membership fee for..... Captain @ 50c each \$.....

Membership fees for..... Lieutenants @ 50c each

Membership fees for..... Scouts @ 50c each

TOTAL PERSONS..... (TOTAL FEES) @ 50c each \$.....
Troop subscription to the American Girl Magazine which will be sent
to the Captain for one year, \$1.50 \$.....

TOTAL \$.....

NOTE:—This total must be the same as the amount of the check, money order or cash shown above.

Information in Section C below is very important; be sure to fill in each column. Indicate Scout's Rank as follows:

T—Tenderfoot; S—Second Class; F—First Class.

Number of Scouts listed below must agree with number shown above.

The following is a list of the members of Troop Number..... of the

City of..... County of..... State of.....

SECTION A NAMES OF OFFICERS AND SCOUTS	SECTION B ADDRESSES	SECTION C	
		(1) Joined Organization in Year	(2) Received this Rank in Year
OFFICERS:			
Capt.			
1. Lt.			
2. Lt.			
SCOUTS:		(3) Year Joined	(4) Scout Rank
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15			
16			

CAPTAIN'S SIGN.....

COUNCIL'S SIGN.....

PERSONAL INFORMATION FOR CAPTAINS

Please do not write on this form or attempt to use it in any other way than for which it is drawn up. Fill in spaces provided a way that accurately states your situation and use another sheet of paper if you have any remarks to add.

CERTIFICATES

A Girl Scout membership certificate for each Scout in the troop will be sent to the Captain in order that it may be issued to Scout by her. Only certificates for Scouts registered at National Headquarters will be sent to Captain.

Girls only become Scouts when registered at National Headquarters and certificate is sent to Captain.

Only girls who have passed the Tenderfoot test can be registered and wear the official badge and uniform.

FEES

The annual dues are 50 cents for each Scout. Special provision has been made for Scouts joining in the middle of the year within 6 months of the expiration date of the troop registration. See Blue Book of Rules.

Membership certificate of all Scouts and officers in the same troop expire on the same date, one year from the date of issue at National Headquarters.

New Scouts who enter the troop after it has been registered at National Headquarters should be registered as soon as they pass the Tenderfoot test. Such registrations will result in their membership certificate expiring on the same date as those of other Scouts in the same troop.

PARENT'S CONSENT TO ENROLLMENT

The experience of hundreds of troops has shown it to be to the interest as well as the protection of the Captain to secure written consent of the parents prior to the enrollment and instruction of a girl who desires to become a Scout. National Headquarters has drawn up a printed form for that purpose and will send the number requested by the Captain.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

In order that National Headquarters may have accurate records and may issue correct information regarding Scouting in cities, states, districts, regions, or the Nation as a whole, certain facts must be provided when each Scout is registered.

Section C on the other side of this blank is for that purpose.

Column 1 in that section should show the year in which each officer came into the organization. It should appear on the same line with the name of the officer.

Column 2 should show the year in which the officer was commissioned or acquired her present rank.

Column 3 should show the year in which each scout came into the organization. It should appear on the same line with the name of the scout.

Column 4 should show the rank of each scout on the line opposite her name. The letter "T" for Tenderfoot, "S" for a second class scout and "F" for a first class scout may be used as convenient abbreviations.

Column 5 should show the grade in school which the scout is attending at the time of application for registration. The following abbreviations may be used in this column opposite the name of each scout:

A—Elementary grades by the Arabic Numerals 5, 6, 7 or 8.

B—High Schools by Roman Numerals I, II, III, or IV.

C—Junior High School by Roman Numerals with prefix letter J such as JI, JII, or JIII.

Column 6 should show the present age of scouts in years. It is not necessary to show fractions of a year or date of birth.

TO CAPTAINS: This is given to you for study and information. Secure a copy of the new form before registering again and destroy all old forms.

—SYBIL GORDON, *Field Secretary.*



THE FIELD NEWS

SECTION TWO OF THE AMERICAN GIRL



2 Sections

MARCH, 1923

Section 2

WILD GEESE

The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy, dappled cloud;
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is Spring! It is Spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the snow,
O'er the breezy hilltop hoarsely calls the crow,
By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is Spring! It is Spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!
Like a peal of broken bells—kling, klang—
Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! It is Spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese dear!
Carry all the cold away, far away from here;
Chase the snow into the North, O strong of heart and wing,
While we share the robin's rapture, crying, "Spring! It is Spring!"

—CELIA THAXTER.

[Note: This goes beautifully to "Ninety-Nine Bottles a-Hanging on the Wall."—Editor.]

SCOUT HOMEMAKERS**KEEP WARM AND CLEAN**

(Chapter II of Winning the Home Makers' Badge, started in FIELD NEWS, February, 1923.)

After deciding on the plans and furnishing of their new home, Jack and Betty undertook the study of the equipment and care of the kitchen, the plumbing and the furnace. They learned such practical things as these:

1. A strong hot solution of washing soda will dissolve the grease in pipes and should be used once a week in the kitchen and pantry and once a month in the rest of the house. A solution of potash may be used when an actual stoppage has occurred in the pipes.
2. Linty cloths should not be used for cleaning, as lint stops up the joints and traps in plumbing.

3. A refrigerator should be dry as well as cold and accessible to cleaning in all of its parts. It should be washed once a week with soapsuds and hot soda and water, and aired. The drain must be cleaned with a flexible wire. Modern ice-boxes have shallow, galvanized receptacles sunk in the floor and properly trapped so that the water may run off.

4. In the care of the furnace Jack taught Alice, his daughter, these few tips:

- a. Have a good deep bed of coal, which, however, does not come to the top of the fire-box.
- b. Don't stir your fire on top.
- c. Don't shake it down so hard that you pack the coal and prevent free circulation of air.
- d. Don't let the ashes remain in the ash-pan to absorb the heat.
- e. To remove clinkers, you get up a red hot fire and put on some oyster or clam shells or a few pounds of quick-lime.

One evening Betty's family played a game. They tried to see who could make out the longest and best list of necessary household utensils. Here it is. Can you do as well?

UTENSILS USED IN CLEANING A HOUSE.*Brooms:*

Straw
Soft Hair
Hearth
Whisk
Vacuum Cleaner

Mops for:

Wet scrubbing
Dry floors
Walls

Brushes for:

Refrigerator
Wire—for closet
Radiator
Floor
Scrubbing

Woodwork

Sink
Stove
Window
Bottles

Dust pans
Dust brush
Enamelled pails
Carpet sweeper
Rug beater
Feather Duster
Squeezer (for windows)
Sink scraper
Step ladder
Dust cloths
Chamois and polishing cloths.

During Betty's busy season of preparations for the new house she was taken ill with the "flu" and Alice, the Scout daughter, was left in charge of the house. The trained nurse sent for old Nora to help. Nora had been a maid in Betty's home. She was an expert housekeeper and took charge most efficiently. Her first attack was on the kitchen, where she found a disheartening mess. She taught Alice to

1. Wipe plates clean with tissue paper and stack them in orderly piles.
2. Use the new garbage can sunk in the earth and the cover securely fastened, near the back door.
3. Soak the silver before washing.
4. To scrub the pots and pans with wire cloth and steel wool, rinse in hot water, then dry over the stove as well as wipe.
5. To wash glass and silver ware before the dishes.
6. To wash out the dish cloths and dry them in the sun.
7. To look over the wash before washing in order to
 - a. Mend tears and holes
 - b. Take out stains

Here is a ditty Nora sang to Alice about stains—will it help you to remember in a tight place?*

* To the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

1. If there're stains upon your linen and you don't know what to do, Milk or cold or tepid water may remove them from your view; At least they will not fix them as if fastened down with glue. So a Girl Scout once told me.
2. You have been out pickng berries and your fingers stained and damp, You have wiped clean on your bloomers, you, it may be, were at camp. Boiling water'll chase the stain away as copper will a tramp. As a Girl Scout knows right well.
3. You forgot to screw the cap on tight and your fountain pen leaked ink. Before it dries cold water try and rinse out in the sink. That failing, milk, first fresh, then sour, may do the trick, I think, In time, as the Girl Scout said.
4. A paint spot soaked in turpentine dissolved will be the last. And if at acid stains on silk you fairly stand aghast, Try ammonia or soda; troubles then won't seem so vast. As a Girl Scout often said.
5. When you get a stain on anything get after it with speed; 'Twill make your troubles easier, so to my words give heed. If once you let them harden, it may mean hard work indeed, As the Girl Scouts all know well.

BETTY'S DREAM.

Betty recovered from her "flu", but she felt a bit tired and run down so that next Sunday she went to church a little reluctantly. To her great surprise, she found herself giving rapt attention to the minister, for this was the Lesson of the Day,

"How beyond all price is the virtuous woman! Yea, her value is far above rubies." The heart of her husband trusteth in her. . . . And next winter shall he find his clothes free from the ravages of moths. She doeth him good and not evil, all the days of her life.

Painstakingly doth she examine each garment, and carefully doth she remove all stains and grease-spots, for on such doth the baby moth-worm delight to make sustenance. Brushings and combings occupy her forenoons. She packeth away all woolen things, yea and furs. The way of the moth is made hard and

his seed shall perish with him. In newspapers doth she do them up. She pinmeth them tight and secure. She labelleth them plainly on the outside. Moth ball nor camphor doth she disdain. Neither cedar chest nor tarred bag doth she scoff at, and no more shall be heard in the house the voice of weeping and crying when garments shall be found ruined beyond despair. Yea, better were it to give them to the Trash and Treasure Sale than to maintain their loathesomeness.

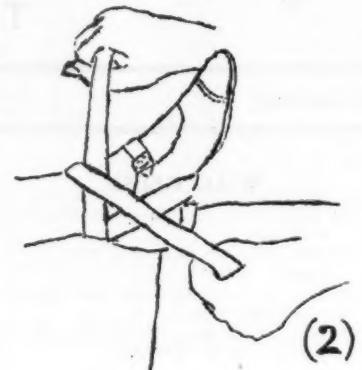
Pain and sorrow may be round about her, yet, exalted will she dash after a moth miller. Her heart seeketh vengeance. Death awaiteth him; his seed perisheth within him.

Yea, his young doth she kill with naptha and his eggs doth she brush out and burn, even from the upholstered furniture and from the rugs upon the floor; laying them face down upon the grass and with rattans beating from them the dust which she sweeps off, leaving them to hang suspended in the breeze. Moreover, with skewer and cloth doth she clean the woodwork of the furniture and"

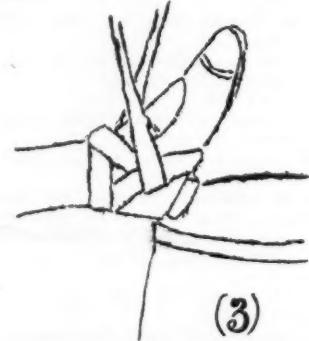
The rest of the lesson was unfortunately lost. It contained priceless information about window and silver cleaning, and bed making.

Betty woke up and laughed, and decided that it was a pretty good world after all. Alice was now a Second Class Scout, and would soon be ready for the Home Maker's Badge.

chief folded as a cravat. Support foot on stump, box or knee in normal position. (Courtesy of the American Red Cross.)



2. Bring to front of ankle and cross.



3. Slip ends under the first turn, bring back to front and tie securely, making triple support to injured part.

EMERGENCY ANKLE BANDAGE

This bandage is the one preferred for Girl Scout use. It was used during the war for hundreds of thousands of cases. Leave shoe on to protect and support ankle; use tie, belt or neck-



1. Place bandage under arch of foot, crossing back of ankle.

NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOLS

SUMMER OF 1923

Registrations are now being received for our eight National Training Schools. As most of the schools will be limited in the number they can accommodate, get your registrations in as early as possible.

National Headquarters has a general poster indicating place and dates of each school, which may be secured on application, for publicity purposes.

There will be eleven encampments, an encampment being at least two weeks long, with a total of thirty-four weeks.

Each school publishes its own announcement which may be secured by writing to the person in charge of registrations.

At most of the encampments opportunity will be given for Tenderfoot and Second Class work, but the

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

schools will specialize in subjects particularly appropriate to outdoor life.

The following is a summary of the programs offered:

I. FIRST NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL, Long Pond, Plymouth, Mass.

Encampments: Three will be held, each beginning and closing on Saturday. Students limited to 50 for 11th and 12th, and to 16 for 13th encampment.

(11th) Three weeks. May 26 to June 16. Special three week program for Camp Directors.

(12th) Four weeks. June 30 to July 28. 1st, Tenderfoot and Second Class work; 2d and 3d, Second and First Class, Life Saving, and Overnight Camping; 4th, Brownie, and Citizen Scout Programs, Life Saving, Home Making and other Proficiency work.

(13th) Two weeks. Aug. 4 to Aug. 18. Tentative: Special program for Leaders of Citizen Scouts and Brownies.

Registrations: Miss Katherine Briggs, 10 Allerton St., Brookline, Mass. After May 19, R. F. D., Bournedale, Mass.

II. ROCK HILL CAMP, Mahopac, Putnam County, N. Y.

Encampment: (3d) Two weeks. Saturday, June 30, to Saturday, July 14. Program specializing in Nature Lore and Outdoor Activities.

Registrations: Miss Caroline Lewis, 15 Court St., White Plains, N. Y.

III. CAMP ANDRÉE CLARK, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Encampment: (2d) Three weeks. Monday, June 4, through Friday, June 22. Program with special schools for General Scout Leaders, Campers, and Local Directors.

Registrations: Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, 189 Lexington Ave., New York City.

IV. CAMP PROCTOR, California, Ohio.

Encampment: (3d) Nine weeks. Monday, July 2d, to Monday, Sept. 3d. Program—*Monday, July 2d*: two weeks Tenderfoot course for beginners. *Monday, July 16th*: two weeks course in Second Class work. *Monday, July 30*: two weeks of training in First Class and Proficiency work. *Monday, Aug. 13*: one week in Brownie work. *Monday, Aug. 20*: two weeks training for Campers' Badge. Training in same camp with Girl Scouts.

Registrations: Miss Agnes M. Reeve, 25 E. 9th St., Cincinnati, O.

V. CAMP TALL TREES, Media, Pa.

Encampment: (3d) Three weeks. Saturday, June 16 to Saturday, July 7. Program as follows: 1st and 2d: Second and First Class work with special emphasis on outdoor activities; campcraft, camp cooking, nature work, and water sports. 3d week: The Girl Scout Camp will be open and opportunity will be given Leaders for practical experience with the Scouts. Special camp fire talks on birds, stars, and story telling.

Registrations: Miss Viola MacGowan, Girl Scout Headquarters, 1503 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

VI. CAMP JULIETTE LOW, Cloudland, Ga.

Encampments: (3d) Two weeks. Saturday, June 30, to Saturday, July 14.

(4th) Two weeks. Saturday, July 14, to Saturday, July 28. Special opportunity for practice work with Scouts.

Registrations: Miss Dorris Hough, 84 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga.

VII. CAMP MINNESOTA, Superior National Forest, Northern Minnesota.

Encampment: (1st) Two weeks. Sunday, August 12, to Sunday, August 26. Program: Specializing in Campcraft, Camp Administration, and the Patrol System.

Registrations: Miss Marjorie Edgar, Girl Scout Office, 89 South Tenth St., Minneapolis, Minn.

VIII. CAMP FOR CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY, Chicago, Ill. (Site to be determined.)

Encampment: (1st) Two weeks. Saturday, June 2, to Saturday, June 16. Tenderfoot and Second Class, with special attention to Troop Management. (Note: Some First Class work included.)

Registrations: Miss Florence E. Neill, 326 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

COST: The cost of the different schools varies according to the locality. In the most expensive schools, the tuition is estimated at eight dollars a week, and the board at seven, making a total fee of fifteen dollars as the maximum. For details including travel directions see the folders of the individual schools.

CONVENTION TRAINING WEEK

The Convention Training Week will be held at the Manor Country Club, Norbeck, Md., from Tuesday, April 17, through Monday, April 23, 1923.

The course will be in Troop Management, with special reference to the Patrol System, games, singing, dancing, and other outdoor activities. Tenderfoot work and a few other class subjects will be tested.

Miss Bewley, an English Girl Guider, will assist in directing the instruction.

A special three-day course for Commissioners and Council Members is planned for April 21, 22, and 23 (instead of the following week, as announced).

The fee, which includes board, will be: For the whole week, \$15.00. For Commissioners' days only, \$6.00.

Address registrations to Mrs. Frederick Edey, Chairman Field Committee, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

GIRL SCOUT GAMES

Whole File Relay

No. of Players: Four patrols of equal numbers. **Apparatus:** Two chairs or sticks.

On the word "go," Nos. 1 and 3 files all jump up. No. 1 file following their leader, race round No. 2 file, round the chair at the end and back to place, while No. 3 file does the same round No. 4 file.

The file first in place, sitting crossed legged, arms folded, quite still in a straight line, wins. Then No. 2 and No. 4 files race. Then the two winners race. Touching of chairs disqualifies the file.

Signalling Relay

Space: Meeting place of Scouts, or outside. **Age:** Scouts. **No. Players:** Any number of Patrols of equal size. **Ground Marks:** Line drawn across room. **Apparatus:** Chair for each Patrol and signalling flag.

Essentials: Patrols line up in file formation, Leaders toeing mark. All #1 girls given same letter, all #2 girls given another letter, and so on down the line. Chairs placed about 10 feet in front of each line. Signaller in center back of chairs. As signaller makes different letters assigned to girls, they run around chair and back to place. (Must not touch chair.)

THE AMERICAN GIRL — SECTION 2

Finish: One point for each who runs correctly and gets back to place first, one point off for errors.

Note: Change letters frequently.

Nature Game

Space: Regular meeting place. **Age:** Scouts. **No. Players:** In Patrols or singly. **Ground Marks:** None. **Apparatus:** Bird pictures, colored, if possible, and showing nest and eggs. Pictures numbered. Paper and pencils.

Essentials: One picture to each Patrol or each girl, who writes name of bird. Upon signal, picture must be passed immediately to next Patrol or to next girl.

Finish: If in Patrols, take number correctly named and divide by number in group. Highest wins.

Dramatization Of Laws

Space: Regular meeting place. **Age:** Scouts. **No. Players:** Any number of Patrols. **Ground Marks:** None. **Apparatus:** None. **Essentials:** Patrols act out any one of the Scout Laws, other Patrols guessing what Law is being enacted.

Finish: All vote on best demonstration.

Note: This may be impromptu or after some preparation.

GIRL SCOUT DRILL

Is your troop having some weekly drill in marching, facing, counting off, etc.? A well-trained troop should be able to obey the following orders promptly and in good style. 1—Fall in; 2—Attention; 3—Right dress; 4—Forward march; 6—Left or right face; 7—About face; 8—Eyes right or left; 9—Fall out; 10—Rest; 11—At ease; 12—Mark time, march; 13—Company halt; 14—To the rear march. See section on page 84 in manual. Can your girls obey all these drill orders? Why not take some time for drill at Scout meetings? Drill can be used for patrol contest.

Try these orders out on your troop. (From *West Massachusetts Bulletin*, February, 1923.)

CAPTAINS

READ THIS TO YOUR GIRLS IF THEY NEED IT.

A visitor from Headquarters saw a troop of Scouts recently, and although nearly every girl was in proper uniform and the whole meeting went off with great snap and much real Scouting, the girls did not

look like real Scouts. Do you know why? Nearly every girl some time during the meeting was either biting her finger nails or had her fingers in her mouth. Such an "unscoutly" habit is most distressing, but can be overcome by constant striving on the part of the girls and kindly corrections by the Captain. It is surely a habit which is neither clean nor healthful.

Was this your troop? (From *West Massachusetts Bulletin*, February, 1923.)

POINTS AND PATROLS

Captain Florence Gordon, of Weehawken, N. J., reports one point system that has worked with her troop.

"Each meeting day points are awarded to patrols as follows:

- (1) For good turns done all previous week 1 pt.
- (2) For not having to "stay in" for misconduct at school all week 1 pt.
- (3) Attendance at church or Sunday School on Sunday (any denomination) 1 pt.
- (4) No chewing gum all week. 1 pt.
- (5) Coming to meeting in full uniform 1 pt.
- (6) Having one's dues at meeting 1 pt.
- (7) Passing tenderfoot test, 5 pts.; second class, 10; first class, 15; merit badge 5 pts.
- (8) Full patrol present at meeting — one point for each girl in patrol.

Ten points earns a red ribbon. Then we start afresh. The next twenty-five earns a white one. Fifty, after that, lands a blue one, and seventy-five, after that, a gold ribbon.

The local faults, objectives, etc., will determine for what things points may be awarded. We expect to evolve more ourselves, as need arises."

TRAINING COURSES

Our schedules for National training course instructors are now filled through the rest of this term, and in some cases, through the summer. During January, National training courses have been begun or arranged in the eighteen following institutions:

1. Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.
2. Akron Municipal University, Akron, Ohio.

3. Barnard College, New York City.
4. Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.
5. Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill.
6. Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
7. Leland Stanford Jr. University, Leland Stanford, Cal.
8. University of Louisville, School of Social Work, Louisville, Ky.
9. Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich.
10. College of New Rochelle, N. Y.
11. Rhode Island College of Education, Providence, R. I.
12. College of St. Elizabeth, Convent, N. J.
13. Shorter College, Rome, Ga.
14. Toledo Municipal University, Toledo, Ohio.
15. Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
16. Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
17. Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C.
18. University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Records show that in the courses conducted under the auspices of the National Department of Education, since October, 1922, there has been a total of 736 students. The average class has been 27. If this average is continued in the eighteen courses begun for the second semester, this will mean an additional number of 486, making the probable total for the whole year to exceed 1,200. Other college courses are reported as follows: Marjorie Edgar has given brief courses at Carleton and St. Olaf's Colleges in Northfield, Minn., and at the State Normal School at Mankato.

BOOK SHELF

"PERSONAL HYGIENE APPLIED," by Jesse Feiring Williams, A. B., M. D., Associate Professor of Physical Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, W. B. Saunders Company, Philadelphia and London.

Those of you who have read Dr. Bryant's pamphlet on "Educational Work of The Girl Scouts," written for the Biennial Survey for the United States Bureau of Education, will recall that she states the health policy of our organization is to instill health principles, to form the habit of health, rather than to give mere information about anatomy or physiology.

And for the first time we are able to recommend unreservedly a book whose presentation entirely accords

STANDARD PRICE LIST CONTINUED

LITERATURE

	Price	Price	
BROWNIE BOOKS	\$0.25	PATROL REGISTER, each	\$0.15
*BLUE BOOK OF RULES	.25	PATROL SYSTEM FOR GIRL GUIDES	.25
CAMPWARD HO!	.75	PLAY (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)	.15
CAPTAIN'S FIELD NOTEBOOK	1.25	In lots of 10 or more	.10
FIRST AID BOOK—		POST CARDS—	
General Edition	.50	Set of six	.10
Woman's Edition	.25	1 doz. sets	1.00
GIRL GUIDE BOOK OF GAMES	.50	Single cards	.02
HEALTH RECORD BOOKS, each	.10	POSTERS—Girl Scout	.25
Per dozen	1.00	Set of seven illustrating Scout Activities	6.85
HANDBOOK, CLOTH BOARD COVER	1.00	Single Poster	1.00
Flexible Cloth Cover	.75	SIGNAL CHARTS	.15
English Girl Guide	.75	Lots of 10 or more	.10
*INTRODUCTORY TRAINING		SCOUT MASTERSHIP	1.50
COURSE	.15	TROOP REGISTER	2.00
MEASUREMENT CARDS	.05	Additional Sheets	
A GIRL SCOUT PAGEANT	.50	Individual Record	.03
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard		Attendance Record	.03
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Cash Record	.03

MISCELLANEOUS EQUIPMENT

AXE, with sheath	\$1.50	MIRROR—Unbreakable	\$0.25
BLANKET	4.50	PATTERNS—Coat, Skirt	
BUGLE	3.50	or Bloomers, 10-42	\$0.15
BRAID— $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. wide, yd.	.10	Norfolk Suit, 34-42	.25
*BUTTONS—Per set	.25	PONCHO (45x72)	3.25
10s—6 1 to set—doz. sets	2.75	" (60x82)	4.50
CANTEEN, Aluminum	2.75	RINGS, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
Tin	1.50	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
COMPASS, Plain	1.00	ROPE, 4 ft. by $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	.15
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Lots of 5 or more, each	.10
FIRST AID KIT WITH POUCH	1.25	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt	.50
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra	.50	SERGE, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yd.	4.50
FIRST AID KIT, No. 1	2.80	SEWING KIT, Tin Case	.25
FLASHLIGHTS		Aluminum Case	.50
Small size	1.35	SCOUT STATIONERY	.50
Large size	1.65	STOCKINGS, wool sizes 8-11	2.00
HANDKERCHIEFS		Cotton, sizes 8-11	.50
With Girl Scout emblem:		SUN WATCH	1.00
Linen	40	TRANSFER SEALS, 2 for	.05
Cotton	.25	THREAD, Khaki spool	.15
HAVERSACKS, No. 1	2.75	Per doz. spools	1.20
No. 2	1.50	UNIFORM "MAKE UP" SETS	.65
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pr.	.25	Including	
*KHAKI, Official Scout, 36 in. wide	.35	1 Coat Pattern	
Heavy for Officers, 28 in. wide	.55	1 Pr. Lapels	
KNIVES, No. 1	1.50	1 Spool of Thread	
No. 2	1.00	1 Set of Buttons	
MESS KITS, No. 1 Alum. 6 pcs.	3.50	WHISTLES	.20
No. 1, Tin	2.50	WRIST WATCH, Radiolite	4.00
No. 2, Tin	1.75		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUT NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

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Vol. VI MARCH, 1923 No. 6

Our International Number

This issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL is one which should be tremendously inspiring to every Girl Scout in this country.

Just to hear in a roundabout way that there are twenty-nine different countries where Scouting for Girls exists is, in itself, interesting—but to be able to read a message, see a picture sent by them, is even more wonderful.

In this magazine, you have an opportunity of actually hearing from eighteen different countries just how they feel, what the girls are doing and their plans for the future. You learn that in China, a Chinese college girl had to translate all the

THE AMERICAN GIRL

laws for the girls; that in Bermuda, the girls wear white because of the heat; that in Syria a group of American Scouts have been entertained by a native troop—and so it goes.

And then the pictures—we all like to see how the different girls look—whether they have big or little camps—and if their uniforms are the same. This year, we've tried to crowd as many pictures into the magazine as possible, because we know you like them.

We sincerely hope that THE AMERICAN GIRL through its pages may bring closer the feeling of friendly sisterhood to all the Scouts in America and in every land throughout the world; that in its pages our little magazine may carry the true spirit of Scouting throughout the world of Girl Scouts. Perhaps, some day, there'll be a world full of girls in khaki, and then we'll be so big and proud that we will naturally swell in size until the *Saturday Evening Post* will look small beside us!

Golden Eaglets

The following awards were granted:

Martha Ledbetter, Troop 2, Rome, Ga.; Captain Sorgen, Troop 1, Kenton, Ohio; Sarah Lappeus, Troop 9, Binghamton, N. Y.; Helen Bagenstose, Troop 55, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Virginia Daire, Troop 2, New Brunswick, N. J.; Elizabeth Cook, Troop 2, New Brunswick, N. J.; Marion Scribner, Troop 5, Malden, Mass.; Dorothy Mahoney, Troop 18, Jersey City, N. J.; Lois Clarke, Troop 11, Boston, Mass.; Catherine Clarke, Troop 11, Boston, Mass.; Ruth Vassallo, Troop 2, Malden, Mass.; Marjorie Leatherbee, Troop 11, Boston, Mass.; Vinnie E. Lindgren, Troop 11, Boston, Mass.

A Splendid Record

One Medal of Merit was awarded last month to a Scout who had only missed one Scout meeting in four years!

Friendship, N. Y.

Ruth Murray, a little Girl Scout, walked ten miles to school every

day through all sorts of weather. Surely this shows an unusual amount of courage and good health.

Logs to Burn

Oak logs will warm you well, if they're old and dry;
Larch logs of pine woods smell, but the sparks will fly;
Beech logs for Christmas time, Yew logs heat well;
"Scotch" logs it is a crime for anyone to sell.

Birch logs will burn too fast,
Chestnut scarce at all;
Hawthorne logs are good to last, if cut in the fall.
Holly logs will burn like wax, you should burn them green,
Elm logs like smouldering flax, no flame to be seen.

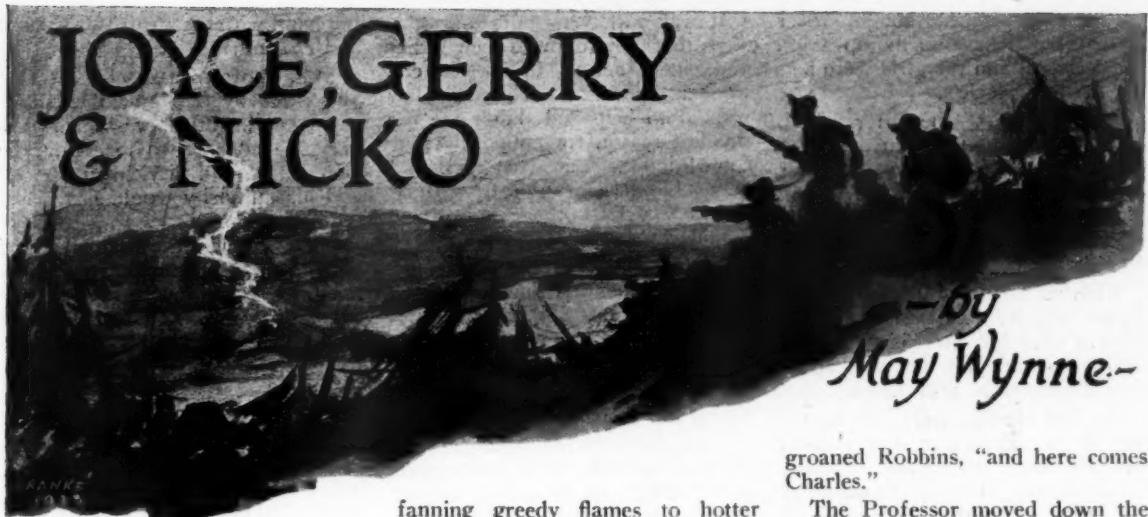
Pear logs and Apple logs, they will scent your room;
Cherry logs across the dogs, smell like flowers in bloom.
But Ash logs, all smooth and grey,
burn them green or old,
Buy up all that come your way,
they're worth their weight in gold.

—Cincinnati (O.) Scout Reville.

Table of Contents

March, 1923

	Page
Joyce, Gerry and Nicko—By May Wynne—Illustrated by Joseph Franke	5
Captain Sylvia—By Marion Ames Taggart—Illustrated by Joseph Franke	9
The Vanished Heirloom—By Elizabeth Heywood Wyman —Illustrated by Marjorie Flack	12
The Lost Kitten—By Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer	14
Our Party Page	15
Scribes' Corner—Home News. Scouting News From Foreign Lands	16
Around the World With the Girl Scouts	18
More News From Foreign Lands	22
More News From Foreign Lands	24
The Practical Scout	27
Girl Scout Commissioners .. In the Open With El Coman- cho	28
Movie Column	29
	32



-by
May Wynne-

CHAPTER I

Fire

I WISH," said Joyce desolately, "something would happen to stop Aunt Esther from coming to Sunnymede Farm; nothing very bad, but enough to stop her."

"Dinah says nothing ever stops Aunt E. once she starts," Gerry retorted. "What's to be done, Joy? We're sure to upset her digestion, and we'll get tired of hearing what girls do in England. Oh, dear! I'm glad I was born right here in the old Dominion, but I'd be gladder if I was packing my bag with Dad tomorrow for Rib Lake and Temagami wilds."

"He'll never get on without us," sighed Joyce as she reined in her little black mare; "he'll be losing his kit or his glasses, his money or himself while he studies Nature or Red Indians, or something queer."

"Red Indians aren't much these days," said Gerry; "Mr. Hunts says they're called the agent's 'barn-door fowls'. They just laze and get fat in the reserves. I guess I'd rather meet a properly wild lot on a war path than that tame breed."

But Joyce was not listening.

"Look, Spider," she cried, giving her sister a familiar nickname, "What's wrong at Sunnymede? Reckon Dinah's got the Kitchen stove ablaze."

It was more than any old Kitchen stove! The girls were already aware of that fact as they set their sturdy steeds to a gallop.

There was grim work at the farm, where a strong breeze was

fanning greedy flames to hotter fury.

Dismounting and tethering their horses, Joyce and Gerry ran forward; they were a pair of strongly built, well-grown lassies, about fourteen and fifteen years of age respectively, but looking older in their neat, workman-like habits and slouch hats.

They soon found it impossible to get near the house which was blazing away, while the household furniture and the queerest collection of personal belongings lay scattered in all directions.

Dinah, the colored cook, was in hysterics, shrieking, laughing, howling as she bewailed in the wordiest manner the destruction of her home. Robbins, the farm servant, added his voice in hard swearing, while terrified birds and beasts added to the confusion.

"Where's Dad?" chorused the girls, and Dinah was so scared by their sudden appearance that she threw up both plump arms and disappeared into a huge tub on the edge of which she had been seated.

Paying little heed to wailing Dinah, the girls ran back to Robbins.

"Where——," they gasped, but to their immense relief, the question was answered by the Professor himself who came staggering out from his burning home carrying books and 'specimens' in his arms.

"I believe," he panted, "I — I have got the lot! A look of intense satisfaction crept over his blackened countenance. "I was afraid I should never get out my Dowden's Natural History," he added, "and those butterflies——"

"There goes the roof, boss,"

groaned Robbins, "and here comes Charles."

The Professor moved down the garden path over which was strewn the contents of his house, to where a young man with pale and perturbed countenance was tethering his horse.

"Uncle Charlie," cried the girls, as Charles Alford came running up the path.

"Thank Heaven," replied the new-comer, "you are all safe? No chance of saving the place. The animals? . . . Dinah . . ."

A bellow from the interior of the tub answered the last question while Robbins having satisfied himself as to the safety of the various animals, and finding it impossible to fetch anything more from the house, went to the assistance of his fellow servant.

"All safe," said the Professor, "including practically all my collections, but—it is a grievous business, Charles, especially for poor Herb. I must cable him the news. It is no use his coming back at present."

"Not in the least," replied his brother grimly. "How did the fire break out?"

"I fancy it was Rollo," said Professor Alford; "he went down to the store room where Dinah had set a lighted candle on a barrel while she packed the pork. Rollo knocked the barrel over and the candle fired some shavings. It is a terrible loss for us all."

"Lucky Esther wasn't here," replied Charles; "she'd have had hysterics. Come down to my place and I'll come back with Travers later to help Robbins and Dinah."

"We'll help, too," chorused Joyce and Gerry; "can't we start right now?"

THE AMERICAN GIRL

But their father thought wiser not. They'd have to fix up a lot, he declared, and the girls were better at their Uncle's.

"Never mind," the latter added, seeing disappointment on the eager faces; "you'll have your job, later on. Many hands make light work, same as many brains make easy plans. I reckon it needs some brains, too."

Charles Alford owned a small farm—which was nothing better than a bachelor shack for himself and his chum Jim Travers, about half a mile from Sunnymede.

He and Herbert were half brothers to the Professor and Esther, but all were the closest friends. Herbert was away in England at the time — getting married — it would be a terrible shock to him to hear the snug homestead to which he meant to bring his bride was no more. For Herbert was responsible for the Farm, and in his absence all the farm work was done by Robbins with help from a day man.

Professor Alford was no farmer though he did his bit in the work of the place. The joy of his life was in Nature Study, and he had written quite a history of the original inhabitants of Canada. In fact, his brothers had often chaffingly suggested he should go and live among Red Indians and become their Sachem!

There was reason enough against this in the existence of Joyce and Gerry, sole legacies of his dead wife. Such a pair of bonnie lassies, healthy, good-tempered enthusiastic, with very little of their father's studious nature in them!

Joyce, the elder, was a pretty lass with gold-brown hair hanging in thick braids to her waist and eyes as blue as corn cockles, while Gerry was far smaller for her years, thin rather than slender, with no particular beauty to boast of. Her small brown face reminded one of a gipsy with her dark bobbed hair and her chief characteristic a most astounding nimbleness, hence her nickname of Spider. There was not a tree which could daunt Gerry, not a colt she dared not ride. She was as wild as a hawk, with a great gift of ventriloquism, and the pluck of a boy. Certainly our Spider ought to have been a boy, but even then I doubt if she could have been a greater sport.

Joyce was a sport, too, but luckily for Gerry she did sometimes look before she leaped.

It was with very reluctant footsteps that they followed their father and uncle across to the latter's wooden homestead or 'Shack'. They wanted to help and didn't see the smallest reason for supposing they could hinder. But what luck that they obeyed! for the first thing Uncle Charles—otherwise 'Bingo'—said was: "Say, Hal, you'll have to wire to Esther."

Then for the first time, it dawned on the girls that they were homeless.

"Glory!" cried Gerry, clasping her hands, "we'll have to go to Temagami along with Dad."

What joy! What amazing joy! Swift as a flash Gerry had turned to her sister and the pair with one glance of understanding flung themselves upon the Professor.

"Dad," they shrieked, "Hurrah for the fire! Hurrah for Rib Lake! And now you'll have to buck up and tell us all the old tale."

Bingo whistled, grinned, and rubbed the back of his head.

Of course he adored his nieces, but he simply couldn't offer them hospitality in a two-room shack! And Aunt Esther lived with friends in Barrie. No one knowing Joyce and Gerry could picture them languishing in a town boarding-house.

"I'll saddle up," said Charles wisely, "and take the wire to the station. You three can fix up the next move while I'm gone." And he winked at young Travers who immediately transported himself to look after the crops or take a help-

ing hand with the Professor's goods and chattels.

The Professor, basely deserted and faced by two inflexible pleaders, gave it at once, which was very sensible behavior, for he would have had to yield in the end and his authority would have been thereby weakened.

"Best to make the best of a stiff bargain," said he, "and after all it's not likely to be much more than a train trip for you. We shall locate Rothay at Rib Lake."

Joyce and Gerry squeezed each other's hand. Their excitement was intense, but they were distinctly nervous. If interrupted, Dad was quite capable of switching off and trying another idea.

"We shall stop a couple of days in Grey," went on their father, "I promised the Hollock's to look them up. Grey's a dandy little town and Susie Hollock will see to what kit you may want. Then we go on to Rib Lake where Rothay meets us."

"Meets us!" breathed the girls, "what for?"

For answer the Professor dived his hand into one of his coat pockets and brought out a tobacco pouch; inside a flap of this was a crumpled piece of paper.

The message it contained was brief. "Join me, Rib Lake, place arranged. Bull's-eye. Rothay."

"Isn't it queer," said Joyce, wrinkling her brows, "what does it mean?"

Her father smiled.

"Guess I'm going to Rib Lake to



"This does not quite look like nonsense," he said.

ask that question, dear," said he. "Last year, my chum Rothay went to Temagami with his son. They had wind of a yarn about finding gold. We all know the region is rich in minerals and as a matter of fact I told them the fable which came from an Indian source. I didn't altogether believe the story. It was too fantastic, but it was the sort of hundred to one chance Rothay liked. And he had meant to explore beyond the beaten track anyway. A tough old hunter is Rothay, with an idea in his honest head to get back to England or Scotland and buy a deer forest. He wants to slice fortune in chunks, and I reckon the idea's not bad. Now the farm's gone, a fortune in nuggets would suit me fine. Might take you two for a tour around the world, eh? I've always had a sneaking wish to travel and collect—"

But Joyce and Gerry were not going to let their father go off into one of his day dreams over mammoth moths and birds of Paradise. That sort of thing could be fixed up at the other end of the adventure. At present they were too excited to listen or act reasonably. Such a lot of events and thrills had been crammed into one afternoon. Not three hours ago they had been bewailing their hard fate in being left in charge of poor, tidy, methodical Aunt Esther. And now! Why they were on the very eve of a journey to untrdden wilds on the track of that most fascinating errand—the search for gold!

CHAPTER II

A Journey

DON'T you wish you were coming too, Bingo?" asked Gerry as she hung out of the window of the train to bid a last farewell to her uncle and his friend who had ridden in with them to Wilford to see them off.

Charlie Alford grimaced.

"I reckon Jim and I would be there all the time if we could change places with you," he replied, "but I'm not so sure that we'd care to join. You and Joyce are some responsibility. If I were your Dad I'd leave you both in the lost property office at Rib Lake station to be called for on his return."

The whistle blew.

Joyce hauled her sister back into the train to make room for her own bonnie face at the window.

"Don't you know," they screamed in chorus, "we are taking care of Dad. We . . . don't mean . . . to . . . let him out . . . of our sight . . . or he'll get . . . lost."

The young men laughed and waved their caps. Dinah, sobbing and howling, ran alongside the train; every one left behind shouted and cheered after the cheering travellers, and—they were off, safe and sound, beyond the very possibility of Aunt Esther's clutches.

The girls tossed themselves back into their places, laughing in sheer delight.

"I haven't been able to breathe till now," sighed Joyce, "Aunt Esther, poor dear, became a regular nightmare. Only just last night I dreamed she was pursuing us in an aeroplane. What should we have done if she'd caught us?"

Gerry glanced at her father who was busy writing notes in his pocketbook—probably about the possible parentage of a prehistoric bird—and evidently not listening to a word his "guardians" were saying.

A young woman with a very fat little boy noticed their smiles, and thinking they were intended for her curly-haired darling promptly commanded "Alf" to kiss his hand to his 'Aunties.' The title hugely amused the girls who immediately surrendered to the fat friendliness of Alfred George who deigned to be cuddled and amused first by one then by the other, while his Mother entered into cheerful conversation. She was astonished to hear they were going as far north as Rib Lake. She herself was not traveling farther than Grey.

"Your Mother never guessed what sort of a place it was up in those wilds," she declared, and tears came into her eyes when she heard they were Motherless.

"The idea of it," she sighed. "And isn't there some Mother-woman to take the pair of you under her wing instead of letting you beat it into the wilderness with a daddy who looks as if he hadn't an idea of what children want, let alone girls, like you?"

Joyce flushed.

"We aren't going anywhere dangerous," she said; "only to meet friends at Rib Lake. I only wish there were a chance of exploring the forest."

Nellie Grest shook her head.

"Don't you wish any such thing, dearie," she urged. "My man's

not been farther than Grey, where I'm joining him to help run a hotel for the summer months, but he's told me tales of the wilds. 'Guess,' said he, 'there's a lot of soft stuff talked of the Indians remaining in their reserves like Lambs, and that all Temagami wilds are fit camping grounds for Harvard scholars, but it's not fact. Up there in the primeval forests there are tracks running for miles and miles where escaped Indians, mostly Algonquins and Ojibways have set up their camps and live as they used to do before the white men came. There's worse too,' said my husband, 'than redskins. Blackskins—with black hearts,—the riff raff of the Continent, banded under rogue leaders to hold up prospectors and rob them, as well as trafficking with the Redskins.' You tell your Dad, my dears, what my man says, or come and see him at the Flying Swan when you get to Grey, and hear for yourselves."

THE girls listened, half awed by their fellow-traveller's eager persuasions, but the stopping of the train and the excitement of Alfred George over the delay, made a break in the talk, and afterwards it was impossible to continue it. Sleepy Alf claimed all the attention of his Mother, and the girls began to talk to other passengers. Perhaps they purposely avoided Nellie Grest, for it would have been such a pity if she had alarmed their father!

The journey was a long and tedious one. The train sometimes tore at terrific rate, or crawled in jerky uncertainty, till every one began to ask if there were likely to be an accident. The girls slept soundly during the night, only awaking for a few minutes when the shrill shrieking of the engine or violent swaying of the train disturbed them.

Grey was reached without adventure, and the Alfords found a hearty welcome awaiting them at the Hollock's. Here again, however, their friends sounded a warning note.

"I guess if we weren't fixed up to go with my people to Lady Evelyn Lake," said Susie Hollock, "I should keep you girls here till your Dad came back. What is he going to do with you both if he has to go marching through the forests? It's not like a summer camp round Thieving Bear Lake, or a picnic

THE AMERICAN GIRL

party down Skeleton River. It's really rough up in the wilds, and the agent has told us queer tales from time to time of the characters up there. Not fit for girls like you to rough it."

She did not 'rub it in' too much though, when she saw the worried look on the Professor's face and the rebellion in those of his daughters. After all, since they were half way there and fixed to go the whole way, it was no use scaring them. And, like many quite good-hearted people, Mrs. Hollock was quite satisfied to have her advice ignored now she had it 'off her chest.'

She did the next best thing in helping the Professor and the girls get all the equipment they might require and packing up sundry advices with emergency rations and clothes.

"Nothing is going to stop us after all, Joy," laughed Gerry as they curled themselves comfortably in their places in the train. "And we're bound to have adventures."

The memory of that gay speech came back later to both Joyce and Gerry within an hour of reaching the Rib Lake. Such a queer, lonesome place it was. Weird in every sense of the word. Forlorn and defiant with its rough buildings and big saloon bars. A real pioneer town, with a quaint crowd from the lumber and mining camps as well as sportsmen and prospectors.

Not a great town for women folk, though there was a fair sprinkling of them, especially the dancing girls from the saloons, and sportswomen who joined their men in their favorite pastime.

JOYCE and Gerry would not for the world have confessed to feeling dismayed, and yet some such feeling crept over them as they stood in the street while their father made some inquiry.

A boy, burned black by the sun, with a pair of honest grey eyes and tip-tilted nose, a well set-up lad, too, slim and erect, walked straight up to the Professor and held out his hand.

"I heard you say your name was Alford," said he, "and mine's Rothay — Nicholas Rothay. I been waiting here for you 'cording to orders. They — they were my father's last orders, too. He — was shot by one of Darroll's Boys a week ago.

CHAPTER III

Nicko's Story

IT was in a private room at "Hallets" that Nicko Rothay told his strange tale to listeners who still suffered from the shock of his first announcement.

"The shooting was an accident, so the band made out," said the boy. "May be they're right, but I reckon there would be an accident of another kind if I happened to locate Long Joe. It was he who fired the shot but it didn't profit him, for I happened to be nearer than he supposed, and when he saw me, he ran like a hare. I got Dad back here, but he died—the next day."

The boy gritted his teeth hard. He suffered badly but it would have made it worse if they had sympathized with him, though it was all Joyce could do to keep back her tears.

"Dad was expecting you," went on Nicko, "and he had the sketch of Rising Moon Creek in his pocket. Might have been an inkling of that which brought Darroll's Boys along. They can scent gold as Kite does carrion."

He wrinkled up his expressive face into a twisted mask of grief.

"I kind of hate that gold," he added tragically, "for fear it was that which caused Dad's death. But there's always the chance it wasn't. It might have been an accident. Darroll, himself, has a black name, but they say most of his bunch are sports and wouldn't play a low game even if Darroll swore to murder them if they refused. So—."

"I should say," said the Professor gravely, "we might give Long Joe the benefit of the doubt, even though Darroll's boys have painted a fairly lurid reputation for themselves. But I reckon I've never heard of them shooting in cold blood. Go right on, sonny."

Nicko brightened; he was no longer on a lone trail, these friends of his father looked with friendly eyes on him. He came of sturdy stock. So he finished the tale 'wrong end up.'

"We located gold in a river which we called Star River," said he; "it's more than a week's march through the forest. The gold was all together in the Creek I spoke about. We reckoned someone had been there before us and collected the nuggets, placing them beneath the rock which an accident dislodged. It

was all worked out from the yarn you spun my father. The Indian Red Axe was right. He probably had been comrade to a white man who somehow met with death in the forest. The gold was where Red Axe said it had been. We searched the river for nuggets but found none. Leaving the treasure hoard we came back here to Rib Lake. Dad cabled you. He was a white man all the time, and he meant to play fair."

"But why," asked Joyce breathlessly, "didn't you bring back the gold?"

Nicko rubbed the back of his head.

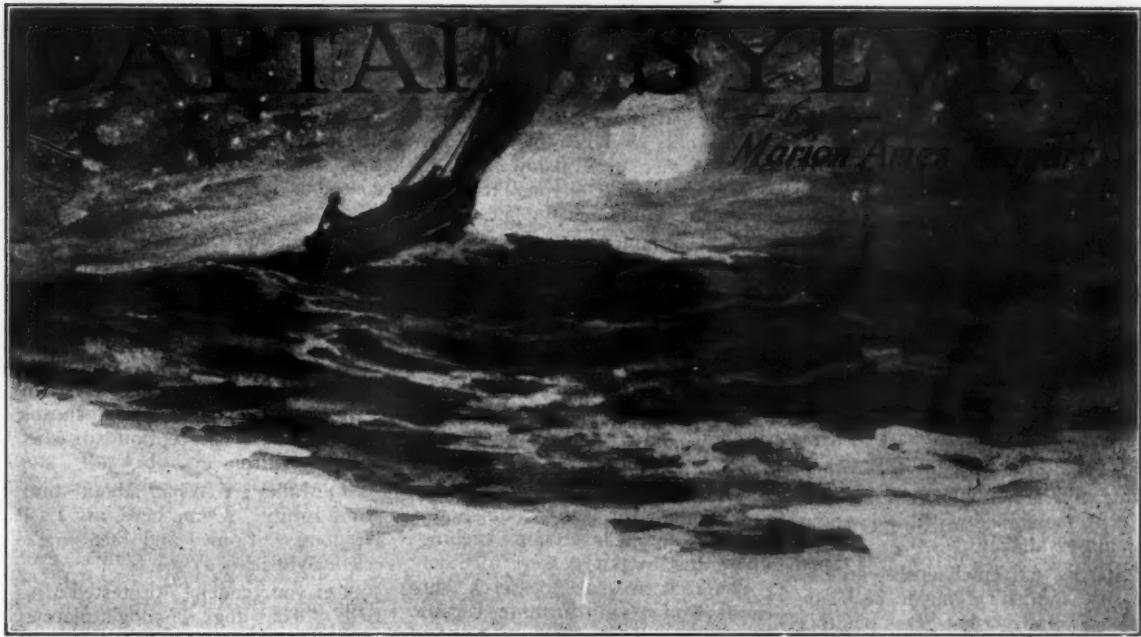
"There was quite a bunch of reasons," said he, "but the chief was that the whole of our Kit got stolen. We suspected Indians though we never saw a feather of them, but it decided Dad. We guessed we might be watched. If the watchers were Darroll's Boys they would have been bound to relieve us of the gold before long; if Indians, we didn't trust them. For the Indians in those parts are the ones who have broken away from the reserve, and are hiding, so to speak, from the Agent and his men. Sort of run-wild Redskins, as hot stuff as any of the old original breed. Of course, they couldn't be welcoming white men to their secret hunting grounds, and they have queer superstitions about prospectors and gold finders. So we left the nuggets in Rising Moon Creek, and gave whoever was on the trail a wild goose chase to put them off the scent. Dad wanted you to join up . . ." and the boy turned to the Professor; "it was a bargain, he said, and he liked sticking to a bargain."

"He was the best and closest friend I possessed," replied the Professor huskily; "it is a great blow, lad, to hear he has gone. I hope you will look on me as a friend, too, though I can't hope to take your father's place. And now, we had better start at once. Have you any sort of a map to guide us to this Rising Moon Creek?"

Nicko unrolled a grubby piece of parchment, queerly marked, around which they gathered as he spread it out on the table.

"This is the forest," he explained, pointing to the strange marking. "And these are lakes; here's the river — we canoed the

(Continued on page 30.)



CHAPTER XVII

The Lady of the House.

SEPTEMBER came with its days of dreaming haze, preparing the earth for its final transformation scene.

It carried Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood away in its passing. Sylvia was surprised and a little ashamed to find that she scarcely missed them, fond as she was of them both.

"I must be a beast," she said disgustedly to herself. "I do care, but I don't seem to! Yes, I do care, but I care above all things for home and my father! After all, that isn't being a beast!" she added in her thoughts.

Now that the Hapgoods were gone, Sylvia went more, rather than less, to the house where they had stayed. Mrs. Leveritt had grown to love Sylvia tenderly, and the girl returned her love with interest. The relation between them counted for a great deal in the development of Sylvia that autumn. Dear as her father was to her, Sylvia needed the mother whom she had lost, and this lack Mrs. Leveritt's beautiful influence supplied. Sylvia was growing older fast, and it was greatly due to Mrs. Leveritt that she was maturing in precisely the way that was best.

The Bell house began to take on a more homelike look. Sylvia permeated it, transformed it by a thousand trifling touches. It had lacked the look of homeliness, the look of intimacy with its occupants that a

real home has, but this look was fast coming over it, as its young daughter grew to see it with eyes which really saw.

She understood now to do all sorts of delightful things in the way of table adorning, with delicacies and decorations. She was beginning to sew quite well; Cassandra had found a needle nearly as formidable as a bayonet hitherto, when Sylvia was urged to use one.

Sylvia still put on shabby clothes and sailed, and roamed, but there was less time for it, she was less restless. Her days were crowded, and such days must pass rapidly and happily.

No one had ever been able to coax Sylvia to work to acquire musical skill.

She was taught the piano, but shirked practice with all her might. She had talent, and she could play fairly, thanks to her true ear, but work for it she would not.

Now Sylvia practiced faithfully every day, though sometimes the practice would not be long.

Cassandra once ventured to allude to this reform, cautiously, for she held that virtue often took wing if any one commended it.

"You'd never practice before. Miss Sylvia," she said, conveying blame with the commendation.

"I didn't know my father sang," Sylvia replied.

"Doin' it to play for him! thought Cassandra. "How the child does worship him!"

Eben Tompkins had yielded at

last to Sylvia's charm. She had captured him as if he had been a fly, with sweetness, spread on patience.

Thus sped by absorbing interests and increasing happiness, September of that important summer fled away, and October came, turned the world into a glory of wind and flame, and made ready for November's near approach.

"Father dearest, I had a letter from Aunt Emily today. She's coming on Saturday," Sylvia told her father at dinner one night in the beginning of October's last week.

"Is she?" Mr. Bell asked.

"Yes, she's coming," sighed Sylvia. "I wonder—"

But she did not say what it was that was uncertain, and her father did not ask.

Sylvia dressed with especial care and a mischievous sense of effect, to receive her aunt, who was arriving shortly before noon on Saturday.

She arranged her heavy masses of hair in her new manner, which kept the simplicity suitable to her years, yet suggested that she was growing out of it; Sylvia was pleased with this effect, and patted the dark braids, nestling in the nape of her neck, with approval that was not vanity, but satisfaction.

Miss Bell drove up from the station in a public carriage, one of the sort that used to be called "carry-all," of which this example was a survival.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

WHEN she entered the library, to which she first turned, being cold and counting on finding a fire blazing, as usual, on its hearth, a tall figure arose from the depths of a sleepy-hollow chair, and came forward to greet her. For an instant she did not recognize it in its new, severely correct decorum of air and attire. Then she exclaimed: "Why, Sylvia! Is it possible? You are growing up! And you are greatly improved by it."

"That's good, Aunt Emily," said Sylvia, presenting her cheek to her aunt's swift kiss. "I think I'm no taller, but I may be more grown up, if not more grown."

"You are," affirmed Miss Bell, eyeing Sylvia with her old, critical scrutiny, combined with a dawning new approval.

"She is extremely pretty; I'm not sure she isn't going to be beautiful. I wonder what gives her this new expression of content? Her smile is radiantly lovely," thought Miss Bell, rapidly receiving impressions of this new Sylvia. But she did not express anything that she thought; she did imply it by asking: "Where did you get that little house gown, Sylvia? I never bought it for you. It is rather smart; so plain and refined. Quite becoming, too."

"I made it, Aunt Emily," said Sylvia, demurely. But she had hard work to hide her keen enjoyment of the effect of her words.

"You! Made it? Made that dress? You couldn't; you can't sew. Who cut it?" cried her aunt, so astonished that she did not realize that she was accusing Sylvia of falsehood.

"Oh, yes; I made it Aunt Emily, really," Sylvia persisted. "I knew how to sew long ago; the trouble was, I knew how not to sew! I got out of doing it. But lately I've been interested in it. Mrs. Leveritt showed me how to make this dress. I cut it out, one of those paper patterns, you know, with perforations and numbers to make you do it right—and go crazy laying it on! Glad you think it's nice. Are you cold still? Are you ready to go up to your room? Or would you rather sit by the fire awhile?"

"Quite ready to go up, Sylvia," said Miss Bell.

She gathered up her muff, fur collar, bag purse, handkerchief, a book, and a package, then arose.

Immediately, she began dropping these things, one at a time, but most of them fell in turn as she received back another from Sylvia. Aunt Emily had this sort of nervous helplessness, Sylvia remembered, in spite of her generalship, and she never permitted anyone to carry her small belongings for her.

Sylvia established her aunt in her customary quarters, and stood for an instant taking a rapid inventory of its order, to make sure that nothing lacked. She saw her aunt watching her with ill-concealed amazement, and laughed.

"Yes, I was making sure everything was all right, Aunt Emily. I'm housekeeping—a little bit. Not very well, you know; not more than enough for a two-room house, maybe; but a little housekeeping! I'm going to put dessert together; I made a two-part dessert, Aunt Emily, and it's got to unite, because divided it will fall; it's a meringue! Will you come down when you're ready?" Sylvia said.

"For pity's sake!" murmured Miss Bell. "Fancy Sylvia behaving like a hostess and looking after the arrangement of my room! I must go down and talk with Cassandra. I've got to be told what has happened in this house."

Miss Bell had no opportunity to carry out her plan before dinner.

SYLVIA did not try to talk. She sat bright-eyed and contented, listening. Occasionally Mr. Bell turned to her with a smile to which Sylvia responded with a look of such happy intimacy that Miss Bell wondered more than ever.

The meringue was uncommonly good.

"Did I understand you to say you made this dessert, Sylvia?" Miss Bell asked, and Sylvia said, "Yes, Aunt Emily," so meekly that her aunt could not suspect how hard it was for her not to laugh.

It was a pity that the ill-fated O'Malley, whose evil star led him into errors of judgment when Miss Bell was there, found himself unbearably lonely that afternoon, and went up to his mistress' chamber as the next best consolation to finding his mistress herself. O'Malley regretted deeply Sylvia's scientific turn; the laboratory daily deprived him of her for hours. When his loneliness ate too far into his endurance, O'Malley betook himself to Sylvia's room, where that in-

dulgent young person allowed him to lie on her couch. The pillows redolent of her comforted him till she came; the blanket she spread for his benefit was warm. O'Malley found himself able to take a nap here and thus shorten the moments of his conscious longing.

Sylvia came into the house an hour later and ran up to her room. Her aunt, hearing her coming, met her in the hall; they entered Sylvia's room together.

"Sylvia, look at that!" cried Miss Bell, dramatically pointing at O'Malley, who, from his rapturous leap to greet his mistress, shrank into abashed perception of her aunt's gesture.

"O'Malley? What about him, Aunt Emily? Come here, my Irish Dragoon. Come and see me!" cried Sylvia.

"On your couch!" protested Miss Bell. "That dog! A dog's place is in the barn. Don't you see, Sylvia, that no one can approve of your life here, however you may improve in one or two ways? I have heard with horror—actually with horror—that you are playing at science in that impossible, untidy laboratory, and that your father allows it! But he never has been the least bit father to you! I shall talk to him at once. You must be trained into civilized ways. I shall succeed this time, I am sure, in taking you with me and placing you under proper influences."

"Oh, Aunt Emily," cried Sylvia, wrath and despair in her flashing eyes, "why—why won't you let me alone? I'm so happy I can't hold the half of it, and I'm learning the very things you always said I ought to know, and—and—father is a father to me! You say such awful things, and you know I can't tell you exactly all they make me feel, because I'd be impertinent. And I think that's taking advantage of me; it isn't fair! And everything is perfectly beautiful for me now—just wonderful. Yet you don't like it any better than before; nor O'Malley. You always object to O'Malley! And O'Malley's place is not in the barn, but with me! You treasure!"

This remark was flung at O'Malley with a hug, both of which he received ecstatically.

"How can you—how can you so much as think of taking me away? I've never been at home before in all my life! Oh, Aunt Emily, why do you so disapprove of me? I've

tried to be so ladylike this time, and wasn't my meringue good—honestly, wasn't it? And the laboratory—oh, well, you wouldn't see, so what's the use? And I'm really much nicer, too, than I was—*much!* It's so trying!" Sylvia cried, fire and extinguishing tears in her eyes at the same time.

"Sylvia, you are the one who cannot see. I should not hope for it, brought up as you were," said Miss Bell, firmly. "I shall do my best with your father."

"Oh, well, it can't harm anything. I've been doing my best for a good while. I think, after all, Aunt Emily, you'd better talk to him. But I do wish you could love me, and never mind things, Aunt Emily. You'll find father does. He doesn't mind my faults. He doesn't mind my being the kind of girl I am. Why, he doesn't mind my not being the boy I am not! Not now. And he always wanted a son. That's why I'm going to be really his daughter."

Sylvia ended this triumph of contradiction in a burst of excited crying, dropping on the floor with both arms hugging O'Malley to her heart, hurt by her aunt's persistent faultfinding when she had tried so hard to improve, yet glad of her security in her father's need of her.

CHAPTER XVIII

In Harbor.

THE next day was Sunday, and Sylvia heard no more from her aunt of her deficiencies, nor of an appeal to her father to take from him, for her greater good, the girl whom he had so lately learned to know intimately and to depend upon.

That evening, however, Sylvia, returning from the walk which she had not the heart to refuse to O'Malley's pleading, heard her aunt's voice in the library, rising at times in tones of stern remonstrance, flowing in a steady stream of sound, rarely broken by a few words from her father.

Miss Bell did go away the next day, late in the afternoon.

She did not tell Sylvia a word of what had passed between her brother and herself, but her manner to the girl was completely changed.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said in parting. "Whatever I may have said to you, please believe that I

meant well by you. And I find you greatly improved—greatly. I am glad that you are growing up to be a comfort to your father. I think I may have been wrong about the laboratory work; Clement assures me that it is not untidy nor unpleasant. Perhaps if it were, it would still be your privilege to help him. Good-bye. I shall count upon your visit in the winter."

That night Mr. Bell drew Sylvia to him as she perched upon the arm of his chair, before the driftwood fire of beautiful colors, blazing upon the library hearth.

"Girl of mine, it is time to get

more sail, then good-bye to *The Walloping Window Blind* and the lovely bay till spring! Gabriel is going to pull her up by Saturday."

"Pretty cold, sailing, little buccaneer," Mr. Bell shuddered. "However, I'll go, if you want to. Sylvia, do I spoil you? It strikes me you're rather nice. Am I wrong? You know girls of your age better than I do. Honest truth, Laboratory Assistant, how do your bringing up and its results strike you?"

"Father, it's good," Sylvia promptly assured him. "I haven't the pretty accomplishments girls



Captain Sylvia and her father went contentedly homeward.

your boat beached and made weather-safe for the winter," he said. "It is cold."

"Father, you took my words away—not fair!" cried Sylvia. "The smelts are biting well. I was going to ask you if you didn't want to go out for the last sail of the season, fish a little, and come in—and get warm! Let's have one

have, but then I can do lots they can't, and I've read heaps more. And I'm interested in real things. I wouldn't change with them, not I! It's all right. Don't you worry. Aunt Emily mustn't bother you. Fatherums, I'm going to say something dreadful! That's another thing about my training; I say
(Continued on page 26.)

THE VANISHED HEIRLOOM

By Elizabeth Haywood Wyman

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack

I'D love to awfully, but I don't see how I can. Mother's saving every cent to give me my first year at college. After that I can take care of myself, but it's meaning a lot of sacrifice, and I simply can't ask her for anything but absolute necessities."

There was a note of finality in the girl's voice as she turned troubled eyes upon the young, handsome fellow by her side. Her fingers were slightly unsteady as she felt for the latch of her gate, for she was full of the vitality of youth and it had been no easy matter for her to decide to give up this last and best dance of her high school life.

"No use, Bess. We can't get along without you. Besides, if you don't go, I'll have to ask some other girl", he added in a tone of raillery. "I can't go alone", he went on more seriously, "after all I've said to the other fellows about pikers that go themselves and leave some nice girl at home."

Elizabeth's face flushed slowly under the scrutiny of his keen eyes, but she shook her head.

"Of course, you can't go alone, Jim. I shouldn't think of expecting you to. You don't know how much I want to go," she exclaimed passionately—her self control suddenly giving way. "I love the old school, and all the good times we've had, and —"

She stopped abruptly and bit her lip, which was trembling in spite of her.



She lifted out a dress of lustrous blue silk.

Jim Morrison caught her hand firmly.

"Bess, don't give up yet. There's bound to be a way." His eyes roved about the shabby old place as if he could gain inspiration from the gable roof and the old-fashioned fanlight that proclaimed to the world that even if its occupants were poor they had the dignity of long years of American traditions.

"I say, Bess," he said suddenly, "How about your attic? As long as it's fancy dress you must have something up there that will do."

"No good, Jim"; everything useful has been used long ago, and what hasn't has been loaned so many times that it is in rags. Never mind", she went on more lightly, "it doesn't mean the end of the world if I don't go and some day when I'm a famous author I shan't have to play Cinderella". Her eyes

once more met his with their accustomed sparkle.

"Well, I'm not going to ask anyone else yet, and not at all until there's absolutely no hope of your going", said Jim firmly.

As he turned away from the gate his thoughts were busy with the girl he had left.

"She's a plucky one", he muttered half aloud, "and, by George! she's not going to get ahead of me if I have the handicap of money. I'll show people that it doesn't necessarily spoil a fellow", and he turned his steps toward the open country outside of the New England town and tramped steadily for an hour, making sturdy plans for the future before he returned to the handsome colonial mansion that was his home.

For all his wealth, Mr. Morrison had ideas that were democratic even to the point of eccentricity—according to the estimate of some of his friends—and his only son had been educated at the local high school instead of at one of the exclusive preparatory schools which he could have so easily entered. It was here that he came to know Elizabeth Shipman and from the first to admire her courage, for it took courage to enter into the life of the high school when everyone knew that her mother was sewing to keep her there and give her her start in college. A more self conscious girl would have held back from participation in the activities of her classmates, knowing as she did that most of them were able to

spend as much money on their pleasures as served her and her mother for sheer necessities. One less sincere would have invented excuses for her lack of funds. Elizabeth did not. She stated facts as they were, did what she could and let the rest go. So cheerful was her attitude, so generous and good-tempered was she that she had won the strong affection of her comrades.

NEVERTHELESS it all took grit, and as she walked up the path to her doorway, her face settled into tired lines, and an unusual depression came upon her. It was terribly hard to be patient when you were young and wanted so much.

As she opened the door, she resolutely summoned her courage once more and called cheerfully.

"Where are you, mother?"

The answer came quietly from an attractive woman seated by the window of the living room sewing. "Here I am, Elizabeth. Had a good day?"

"Fine, mother dear", was the answer, but Elizabeth's eyes failed to meet her mother's.

"Suppose you tell me all about it, dear. I was here by the window and I couldn't help seeing you and Jim. Is it the dance?"

"Yes, it is, mother. Jim wanted me to go, but I don't care much. Truly I don't. You mustn't worry. Before long I'm going to be able to look after us both", and she emphasized her words with a loving kiss. "You don't suppose, do you, mother," she said hesitatingly, "that there could possibly be anything in the attic. Of course it's nonsense, but Jim suggested it."

"Why, yes, there is", said Mrs. Shipman. "I've been thinking about it this afternoon."

"Really, mother?" exclaimed Elizabeth in surprise. "How has anything escaped all this time?"

"Because I've been keeping it on purpose until you were old enough to appreciate the story", replied Mrs. Shipman. "Come up with me while I find it", and she led the way upstairs to the wide attic.

From far under the eaves she drew a chest that Elizabeth had never noticed. Lifting the lid she disclosed layers of tissue paper. Unfolding them with careful hands she lifted out a dress of lustrous blue silk. About the neck that was discreetly low was a collar of real lace over the beauty of which Elizabeth exclaimed in delight. Wrap-

ped in separate packages were the tiny slippers, the gloves, the fan and even the film handkerchief edged with the finest of lace that had evidently done duty at some ball of Civil War days.

"These all belonged to your Great Aunt Rachel", explained Mrs. Shipman, "and she wore them the night before her lover went to war. He never came back and the long days of anxious waiting proved too much for Aunt Rachel. She had a severe attack of pneumonia and died in a few days. She never wore this dress but the once. After her lover was killed in battle she packed it away in this chest with the rest of the things that she wore that night and here it has been ever since. She was only seventeen when she died, poor child—just your age."

Elizabeth drew a long breath of pity. This ancestress of hers hadn't even begun to live when she had to die.

"That brings me to the rest of the story", Mrs. Shipman went on. "I thought I'd tell you all of it together. Way back before the Revolution began there was another Rachel, and she also had a lover who went to the war, but fortunately their history was not so tragic. During his absence she baked and sewed and did everything that woman could do in those days to help the cause of liberty. When at last he came back they decided to be married at once—though he had little enough of this world's goods. Long before, when they were first betrothed, they had determined to be married with a ring. That was quite an innovation for New Englanders of those days, but it appealed to their romantic fancy. At the end of the war the soldier was paid in the depreciated currency of the time. Though it took almost all of his accumulated pay to do it, he purchased a simple little ring, a cluster of tiny diamonds with a ruby not much larger in the center. The whole was in a setting of black enamel and gold. The bride was immensely proud of her wedding gift. When the time came for her daughter and namesake to be married she inherited the ring and, like her mother, wore it always on the finger on which it was placed by her husband on her wedding day.

Since all her children were boys she passed it on to her niece, your Great Aunt Rachel, when her betrothal to her soldier boy was made

public. The strange thing about it was that after Aunt Rachel's death no one was able to find it, and never has been to this day.

"Wasn't she wearing it when she was taken ill?" enquired Elizabeth.

"The tradition was that the ring should not be worn till the wedding day", replied her mother, "and then it should be placed on the bride's finger by her husband and never removed till the betrothal of one of the next generation of Shipman women gave her the right to inherit it. Aunt Rachel was taken ill suddenly and became delirious almost immediately. The ring must have been on her mind, for she kept talking about it and her lover, but the only words that gave any clue to its whereabouts were 'chest' and 'attic'. Every chest up here was searched, and especially this one, but not a trace of it could be found. The interesting part for you is that since you are the only descendant of the family left, you would naturally have inherited it."

Elizabeth's eyes were glowing. "What a wonderful story!" she exclaimed, "and do you realize, mother, that the chances are that the ring is still in this attic?"

"I haven't a doubt", said her mother, "but so far no one has been smart enough or persistent enough to find it."

"Well, if persistency will do it, I'm going to," said Elizabeth, her fingers running about the edges of the chest in search of some possible chink in which the ring might have found its hiding place.

"I shouldn't think too much about that part of it", said her mother smiling, "but the dress solves your immediate problem, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you darling mother, of course it does", cried Elizabeth ecstatically. "It is the loveliest thing. I'm going to keep it an absolute secret until the night of the dance, and everybody will have the surprise of their lives when they see me walking in in a gown trimmed with real lace."

THE great night came at last.

Mrs. Shipman's clever fingers had managed the extra room that was needed in the dress for Elizabeth's athletic figure, and everything was ready for the dance, but all of Elizabeth's searching had failed to reveal the ring. She made a charming picture when she entered the great school hall. The color of her blue eyes was intensified by

THE LOST KITTEN

By Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer

the brilliant blue of her dress. Her hair was severely parted over her forehead, but the coquettish curls hanging down in a waterfall to her girlish neck were calculated to offset the demureness of the front effect. With her dress for once just suiting the occasion, and with the consciousness that Jim's eyes were upon her every moment when he was free from his strenuous duties as master of ceremonies, she was gayer than ever before and that she was surrounded by an admiring group of boys and girls alike the whole evening through.

Happiest of all were the few moments that she had with Jim as they drove home.

"You don't realize at all, Bess", he said "how wonderful you've been to me since we've been in high school together. It was so easy to drift and depend on dad's money to pull me through, but your grit had made that impossible for me. I'm going to amount to something and you will be proud of me yet".

The words were ringing in her ears as she slowly and dreamily unfastened her frock. While she felt mechanically for the hooks, her brain was busy with the events of the evening. Suddenly she became conscious that her fingers had touched something unexpectedly hard in the soft silk lining. Quickly she tore off the bodice, ran her fingers once more over the lining and then excitedly cut with her scissors the infinitesimal stitches that held it together. She thrust in her finger and drew out—a simple little ring with a circlet of tiny diamonds enclosing a small ruby, the whole set in black enamel and gold.

She looked long and thoughtfully at the trinket that had meant so much to women of her race. She was reconstructing the story of that other seventeen year old girl who had worn this very dress, and who when her hopes for the future were gone had stitched the ring in the dress that reminded her of her last happy evening with her soldier lover, there to lie hidden till the time should come to pass it on to another of a happier generation.

Elizabeth turned to the reflection of her own image in the mirror which hung above the old-fashioned chest of drawers. As she gazed at the face looking out at her with misty eyes, a wave of color rose and spread over her neck and face.

"I think perhaps she meant you to find it", she whispered softly.

THE END.

ME-OW! Me-ow! The little whimpers ring cry sounded somewhere about the house, and Phyllis and Jerry stopped in the middle of a game of *blind man's buff* to listen.

"That—that sounds like my precious kitten, Duchess!" cried Phyllis, eagerly.

"So it does," assented Jerry. "Look, sister, aren't those snowflakes coming down? Poor Dutch will get wet in this storm."

"Don't call her Dutch, Jerry. How can you be so horrid?" Phyllis ran to the window, as she spoke, and flattened her nose against the pane of glass in her eagerness to see the softly falling snowflakes. "Oh good!" "It is snowing. This is the first storm this winter."

Me-ow! Me-ow!

"Well, why don't you find your kitten?" asked Jerry, pushing the curtain aside to get a better view. "Yes, I must. You come help me, Jerry."

"Aw, I don't want to."

Phyllis glanced at her brother in surprise, then tossed back her curls, and said, haughtily: "You're afraid to open doors, and look in spooky places, because we're all alone in the house. Oh, shame on you!"

"You're afraid too," replied Jerry, quickly.

Me-ow! Me-ow!

"I guess we had better both look for you," he continued, hastily.

First they peered out into the gloomy hall, and Jerry poked around the umbrella stand.

"Here Kitty, Kitty," called Phyllis. "Maybe she's in the coat closet. You open it, Jerry."

"No, you," said Jerry.

"But I hate dark closets. Let's open it together."

"I bet she's in the cellar," cried Jerry, suddenly. "Come on. We'll go down there." He grabbed Phyllis by the arm, and pulled her toward the kitchen.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she protested, holding back. "I'm—I'm afraid of cellars. It—it'll be dreadfully dark."

"So you're afraid. Very well, I'll go alone." Jerry let go of her arm, and marched bravely to the kitchen.

"Well—well, if you really are going, I—I'll go, too," said Phyllis.

anxious that Jerry should not get ahead of her for bravery.

But when he jerked the cellar door open, and they looked down that yawning gulf, they both drew back.

"Come on, sister, I'm not afraid" said Jerry proudly.

They took hold of hands, and crept quietly down the stairs.

Me-ow! Me-ow! The sound seemed a little nearer.

"I've heard that there were dreadful goblins in cellars," said Phyllis, in a whisper.

"Oh pooh! I don't believe a word of it." Jerry spoke bravely enough, but he kept a tight hold on Phyllis' hand.

"Oh look at that queer face over on the wall," cried Phyllis.

"That's only a shadow. Come on, sister, don't be afraid.

Me-ow! Me-ow!

The sound was nearer, and as they crept by the door of the cold storage room, it sounded much stronger.

"I'll bet Dutch—Duchess—is in there," cried Jerry.

Cautiously he opened the door and brother and sister poked their heads in. There was a scratching, pawing sound all mixed up with Me—ows.

"Look, Jerry," cried Phyllis. "Up at the window! Oh, oh. Duchess is on the outside of the storage room window. What shall we do?"

The children forgot all about being frightened in their joy at having found the kitten.

Jerry yanked a box out of a corner. They climbed upon it, and then on top of the vinegar barrel, which was directly under the window. Quickly Jerry slipped the lock and opened the window. The next instant the little snow-covered kitten was safe in Phyllis' arms.

"Come, we must hurry and get a saucer of milk for Duchess, and make her a warm bed by the fire," said Phyllis, hugging the kitten close to her.

As they climbed up the stairs, Jerry laughed, as he said:

"Say, we forgot all about being afraid. Cellars will never bother me again. Do you know I sort of like them."

"So do I!" agreed Phyllis.

THE END.



St. Patrick's Day Party

Use everything green you can possibly find to decorate for this party—green crepe paper, Irish flags, and quantities of green balloons attached to window show cords; electric light fixtures, drawer pulls, etc. On one wall make a big green moon with large round eyes of gilt paper, and gold teeth.

Ask all the girls to come prepared to tell an Irish joke, or story, to sing an Irish song, dance a jig, or tell an anecdote pertaining to the Emerald Isle.

After everyone has arrived, the hostess should explain that as some people suppose the moon to be made of green cheese, it is entirely likely that the complexion of the man in the moon was affected. A bowl of flour and a tennis ball should be produced and everybody invited to give him a "white eye." It isn't so easy as it sounds and you will find it great fun to see who can come the closest to actually hitting his eyes. The best shot or shots can be rewarded by tiny green crepe hats, (which the scouts can make themselves beforehand.)

Following this lively game, try playing "The Ladies from Cork." Trays of corks, big, little and middle-sized, should be placed on the table with bits of colored ribbon and silk with plenty of pins. The girls who makes the loveliest Cork Lady should be given a prize—perhaps a box of green mint candies!

One of the most exciting moments

in the evening will come with the fortune telling. Under a large green umbrella in one corner of the room should be seated a quaint old figure in a green checked apron and shoulder shawl. Beside her is a basketful of cleanly scrubbed potatoes. Each girl takes one potato and counts the eyes. Upon the number of eyes depends everyone's fate. And then, she reads the fortune by means of an old fortune rhyme:

Friends, foes;
Presents, beaux;
Journeys to go;

counting out each eye and doing it under her breath, to make it more mysterious. The word on the last eye is the key to the fortune, and the fortune teller should know the girls so well that she can truly weave amazing fortunes.

To find partners for supper, make as many shamrocks of green paper as there are guests. Divide the guests into two groups, giving the girls of one side a shamrock and hiding those for the other, telling them they must find the shamrocks, and then the girl who has the question which their shamrock answers. Here are the "Green" conundrums:

A choice variety of plum, Green Gage.
A raw youth, Green Horn.
Verdant, Green.
A retailer of fresh vegetables, Greengrocer.

A part of a theatre, Greenroom. Where plants are sheltered, Greenhouse.

Dandelions and spinach, Greens. Death to bugs, Paris Green. Mountains in Vermont, Green. Turf green with grass, Greensward. A country, Greenland. A kind of apple, Greening.

For refreshments make a "Hibernian Punch," using strong lemonade for a foundation, adding one pint of lime juice, which can be purchased by the bottle if fresh fruit is not at hand; juice of six oranges and two grapefruit. Arrange a wreath of mint foliage above the punch bowl and fill with crushed ice; then turn in the fruit juices; the ice melting will dilute it plentifully. Add one bottle of mint cherries drained from the juice. Serve with the punch "green sandwiches." To make them take a handful of mint and a handful of parsley, a tiny green onion, and mince all very fine. Mix well with mayonnaise seasoned highly with paprika. Spread between thin slices of fine-grained white bread. Lettuce sandwiches, olives and little cakes with green frosting carry out the Irish idea.

After supper, act out some illustrated songs, using old Irish songs such as "Mother Machree," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Sweet Rosy O'Grady." This will be a cheerful ending to the evening, especially if you sing all the old songs.

China

First came a task of adaptation and translation. This was done with co-operation with Miss Cheng, a brilliant young college girl, acting in an emergency this year as head Chinese Teacher of the Girls' School.

The tenderfoot work is not difficult, although, like everything else, it meant a good deal of actual translating for Miss Cheng. The Chinese have nothing like our pledge

of allegiance, so we simply translated the American pledge, which, you can see, would apply equally well to China.

I foresaw more needed changes in Second Class work, for how, I wondered can we teach bed-making to girls whose beds are two or three rugs or quilts spread out on a brick kang or a hard board and a wood pillow for their heads. Especially, when the proper way to "make" it is to put it in the corner in the day-

time. And how teach table setting when the only utensils are chopsticks and the food is taken with these from a central dish, and napkins and table cloths are never used. And why teach them outdoor fire-building when it is impossible to go out into the woods and pick up or chop down fuel as we do at home. And how teach signalling in a language that has no alphabet? But I was to learn that there is a proper way to roll up the bedding in

(Continued on page 20)

SCRIBES' CORNER

Richmond Girl Scout News

The second annual fall rally of the Girl Scouts of Richmond was held at the Grays Armory one Saturday evening, in November. Thirty-seven troops, aggregating about six hundred members, assembled on the drill floor and answered roll call, prior to the activities of the evening. The galleries of the armory hall were crowded with spectators. Fond parents and interested relatives of the scouts and friends of the organization occupied every foot of available space for the on-lookers and formed an interested and appreciative audience.

The opening feature was a playlet, entitled "Every Girl", presented by Troop 34 under the direction of their captain. The efforts of these youthful players were most praiseworthy and they showed careful training.

The troops after the play were called to attention by the Director and jointly saluted the colors, repeated their promise and the Scout laws.

Hon. E. Lee Trinkle, the governor of Virginia, honored the organization with his presence. He spoke to the assembled troops and was most generous in his praise of their work.

Over 250 awards in Merit Badges, Second Class badges, Attendance Stars and Tenderfoot emblems were presented by Dr. James Whitfield. The organization little over two years old has now 38 working troops, and the combined membership of these number 715 Scouts. There are 400 second-class Scouts, 300 tenderfoot Scouts, and 15 Brownies. A banner was

given to the best drilled troop—Troop 32—under the command of Miss Katie Dagus. Banner to the next best drilled troop—Troop 20—under the command of Miss Beryle Hundley. Banner to Troop Beryle Hundley.

The Semaphore Drill, supervised by Miss Katherine Gary, captain of Troop 2, with about 16 signallers, was one of the outstanding features of the rally.

The final event of the evening was the singing of Scout songs led by Mrs. Trigg, which was preceded by a march of review of all troops led by the banner troops.

The Surprising Brownies of Pine Mountain

Down in Kentucky, where the mountains are thickest and steepest, there is one mountain longer than the others; like a great wall it stretches against the sky. On one side of this mountain there are coal mines and trains running, loaded with coal, which they carry out to the cities far away. If you make a steep climb up and up one side of this Pine Mountain until you cross the rocky edge on top, and then climb down, down the other side, you will come to a lovely valley—and that's where the Pine Mountain Brownies live.

Their houses are made of logs or wood stained green or birch bark color so that they fit nicely into the forests instead of jumping out at you too boldly. Here the Brownies go to school and work and play with their sister and brother Scouts and the Wolf Cubs. It might surprise you to see how much work these Brownies can do while they sing their mountain bal-

lads. They pick up chips, carry in kindling for the big fireplaces, dust and tidy things. The bigger Brownies show the little ones how to dress, and help them keep the Law of the Brownie Pack.

Forests climb up each side of the valley and in them the Brownies say there are three worlds. Above: the treetop world where the birds live; and then, the bushy world where rho-da-den-drons blossom and Brownies may hide for roll-call; and on the ground, the mossy world of tiny coral flowers, brown ones, green fairy things, mushrooms, and all the charming things that drop from above. I mustn't forget to say that there are giant rocks, caves and little springs where fairy-tale Brownies abound.

In this forest the Pine Mountain Brownies have their fairy ring. Here once a week in good weather they dance about an oak stump throne and have tests and singing games, and when the Brown Owl tells a story, she perches right up on the throne. Some distance away the Wolf Cubs have their lair, and now and then one prowls. That's how they discovered the Brownie ring, but to this day the Wolf Cubs don't know the meaning of La, La La!

These Brownies are forever surprising their Brown Owl. Sometimes they give a play for her:—once it was "Snowwhite." Often she finds the stump throne beautifully decorated. When this happens Brownies are expected to know the name of each flower or leaf which they have used. So time is given at each meeting for Brownies to be introduced to new decorations.

One day the Brown Owl wanted a wand for in-ve-si-ture. She told the Brownies about the wands used by the English Brown Owls when new Brownies are made. "Close your eyes", her Brownies shouted, and she did so, wondering what was about to happen. She heard whispering and some scurrying about and then a Sixers said, "Ready!" She opened her eyes. There was the littlest Brownie holding as fine a wand as she could wish for; long and straight with a golden tip, it waved above her head. It was a mullen stalk.

KATHARINE WRIGHT



Sugaring off—
St. Johnsbury,
Vermont.

HOME NEWS

Plainfield, Conn.

Our Troop still has a fine record and we are very proud of the Scouts who help to keep it up. We are not a large troop although we have three full patrols counting the Juniors and Seniors together. We have our meetings together which we all enjoy and give us a good time. The Seniors are working quite hard. We're all on our First Class work excepting two newer scouts who are doing Second Class work. We're also doing our best to help out the Juniors whom we call our "Buddies". They are fine scouts, nearly all working hard for the Second Class test and a few on Tenderfoot work who are new Scouts. Take us all in one, we're hard working, jolly, good scouts. We are aiming to have 20 Second Class scouts and 4 First Class scouts by the end of this year. We are thinking this is a fine way to end the old year and start the new one.

This is what we are doing:

P—laying the game with a smile.
L—eaving things neatly done
A—lways helping one another
I—nterested in Scout work.
N—ever cross or gloomy, Always
F—eeling jolly and gay
I—n earnest to get higher.
E—arnestly studying scout tests.
L—iving up to scout rules.
D—on't you wish you were in
PLAINFIELD?

H. L., *Troop Scribe.*

*Maple sugar
is good! St.
Johnsbury,
Vermont.*



Scouts of Minneapolis Celebrate Christmas

Twenty-one little boys and girls between the ages of 4 and 10 anxiously awaited the arrival of forty Girl Scouts from Troop 57, Minneapolis. These boys and girls were orphans staying at The Rosedale Cottage. It seemed hours until they came and when they did come—what fun! There was candy and crackers (the kind that make a noise that all children love) favors and toys a-plenty. Better yet—a large package was left for them to open on Christmas Day. Such noise! Such laughter! Then they left, entirely too soon, and the children took their treasures up to bed with them to dream of the wonderful time they had had. But the best of it was that they had all promised to come back the *very next week!*

The Scouts, once outside, began to talk—each discussing her own child and making plans for coming back. After much saying of good-bye each girl went on her way, happy, tired, contented, with her head filled with thoughts and plans.

Manhattan, N. Y.

Because we are sure that Troop 96 celebrated Girl Scout week in an unique way, we are going to tell you all about it. Our Troop is connected with a large New York Church which specializes in "Young People's Work." Troop 96 is the youngest, both in age and in the length of time organized, of the fourteen clubs of the Church. At a general meet-

ing it was agreed that at least once a year each organization would take charge of "The Young People's Prayer Meeting," which occurs once a month. To troop 96 fell the task of conducting the first one which was to take place during Scout Week. We were determined to "put it across" in the form of a Roosevelt Memorial Celebration.

We went for help to the "Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association" and they furnished us with a splendid outline of a program consisting of Poems, and Selections from Roosevelt's inspiring Speeches. Our minister gave a brief address on "The Great Scout." In it, he gave the three qualifications of a good Scout which Roosevelt always displayed, and which all good Scouts Should have, namely: A good Scout is a *Pathfinder*. A good Scout is not a *Quitter*. A good Scout has *Sand*. It was a very inspiring little talk and there was nothing "preachy" about it. We certainly wished that all our sister Scouts could have been with us to hear it.

At the end of the program, the captain gave a brief talk on Scouting, what Troop 96 was doing, and why the Girl Scouts had a drive. The girls had done splendidly with the program and as a result the audience was very much interested in Scouting, so much so, that a gentleman suggested that a collection be taken to be divided between Troop ninety-six and National Headquarters. We received \$41.00, \$25.00 of which we sent to "National" as our church's contribution to the Scout Drive, and the remainder we kept to help pay the expensives of girls who cannot afford to go on hikes, etc.



The last coast!



France

Guides of all countries, hail! Your French sisters, proud of belonging to the great, universal Scout family, are happy to let you hear about their labors and joys of last year.

Our Companies, which we call "Sections," are slowly but surely increasing in number. There are actually sixty of them, composed of about one thousand five hundred Guides. That number may seem rather small compared to hundreds of thousands Guides in other countries, but it takes time to accustom our Latin mentality to Scouting.

During the summer many companies go camping. In our Courts of Honor, we thoroughly study the service of the Guide in her family, since the essential mission of woman is in her family. The most vivid interest is created everywhere by those studies, inasmuch as French girls are not naturally domestic. These feminine tendencies come to light in certain modifications made in our dress; now it is brown instead of khaki; and we have replaced the big cow-boy masculine hat, which belongs to the Boy Scouts, by small sport hats with stitched brims. We also avoid military terms; we say clans, instead of patrols.

A continued exchange of ideas exists between our companies by means of our magazines; we have two of them: *L'alouette* (the lark), the magazine of the Guides, and *La Picelle* (the string), that of the

SCOUTING NEWS FROM

Guiders, which join them together, as a string would do, whence comes its name.

But the contact was strengthened in a more vivid way yet, last summer, by the camps. For the first time, several camps brought together all companies of the same region. At the same time, at the beginning of August, an International camp brought together in Normandy, English, French and Belgian Guides; Mrs. Low representing there the American Girl Scouts. And, at last, at the end of September, a Guiders' Camp invited Captains and Patrol Leaders of the whole French movement. This camp was the finest of all, and we are still living in the spirit of service and enthusiasm which prevailed then.

Our movement, started amid the Y. W. C. A., transformed itself, eighteen months ago, into a Confederation, and constituting in France a national, most united feminine scouting. We are organizing a training school in Paris, destined to train captains and patrol leaders. The school will be organized as an ordinary company; divided into patrols, that its members may learn how to know scouting practically, being themselves Guides before becoming Guiders. A similar school is being organized in Bordeaux.

Our Headquarters is at 4 rue Boulevard, Paris, XIV, and is managed competently and devotedly by Melle. Georgette Siegrist, National Commissioner. She has gained confidence and sympathy by frequent traveling through the country, which inspires in isolated companies a strong unity of spirit.

VIOLETTE MOUCHON.

Denmark

The blue Girl Guides are growing slowly and steadily. There are now 2000-2500 Guides in Denmark. About 500 Guides went to camp in 1922, and afterwards about 70 Guiders attended a ranging course at camp.

In September a Girl Guides' school was opened. The pupils stay ten months, and they are learning housekeeping, cooking, sewing, First Aid and Guiding. A house, belonging to the castle of Count Reventlon, has been placed at our dis-

posal. (Countess Reventlon is our President.) The instructors at the school are the vice-chief, Miss E. Flagstad, who organized the school, and the County Commissioner of Copenhagen, Miss Rasmussen. The school is a great success.

A Leaders' Training School started with 65 members during January, 1923. The Home Office placed rooms at our disposal at the University. An exhibition will be held for two days in Copenhagen in the spring. The Copenhagen Girl Guides will show their ability. A competition took place in July, 1922. His Majesty, King Christian X, has given a silver cup to the Danish Girl Guides. It was won for the first time by the First Svendborg and First Horsens.

KAREN-MARG RASMUSSEN.

Bermuda

In Bermuda, the Guide uniform is, in summer, all white, with rush hats; in winter, navy blue skirts, white blouses, blue regulation hats, and saxe blue ties.

The practice of Guiding in Bermuda is somewhat handicapped by the intense summer heat, the frequent changes of Guiders and Guides, owing to absence in Europe, Canada or the U. S. A., and, more particularly, by the scattered nature of the islands and the lack of transport facilities, there being no motor traffic in the colony. As the children have to bicycle to their homes before dark, and as the darkness falls very early during the autumn and winter months, no meetings can be held in the evenings and, nearly all the Guiders and Guides being very busy people, only one afternoon weekly can be given up to Guide work.

Bermuda Guides have, by their geographical position, two great advantages: they can bathe all the year round, and therefore excel in swimming, and in all sea activities; and they can hold delightful camps on small islands where they are undisturbed and can have, for the time being a little world of their own. Most of them, Guides and Brownies both, are expert swimmers and divers, and a Guide crew won the open ladies' outrigger race in 1921 during the annual regatta.

—*The Guide*, Jan. 13, 1923.

ON FOREIGN LANDS

Jewish Scouting

Jewish Scouting, founded in 1910, developed into several organizations. These organizations were, at first, more nationalistic than Scouts, but after a time they changed their programme and are now run like the organizations of Scouts and Guides. The movement was started in Egypt and in Pologne from where it has spread throughout the country.

Among the organizations of Jewish Scouts, the first place is held the Pologne group which is composed of several thousand members.

In all these organizations, boys and girls are grouped together. Their method is similar to that of Sir Baden-Powell with a little more Nationalism. The groups are divided into twelve branches after the twelve tribes of Israel. They are directed by a Headquarters which sends out the propaganda bulletins and all the Scout literature.

The boys and girls take part in the nationalistic propaganda. Their motto is "Am—Eretz—Saffa"—People, Land and Language. These are the three things which they are trying to again bring to the possession of the Jews.

The Jewish Scout organization in Palestine was founded in 1919, after the English occupation. A center was located at Jerusalem and the administration was composed of professors and delegates of the several groups which totaled 2,000 members. The organization took a



A "sporting" group near Jaffa—
Jewish Scouts.

new name, "L'ecaireur". The boys and girls have founded only one organization, which is the organization of the Jewish Scouts; have only one program, only one aim and

only one code for all. The motto of the organization is: "Be prepared". The slogan is "Strength and Courage." The organization does not receive aid from outside. The scouts have neither insignia nor grade.

The Palestine Code

1. The Scout is loyal and speaks the truth.
2. The Scout is faithful to his people and his country.
3. The Scout is the brother of every Scout and the friend of all the world.
4. He obeys his parents, his masters and his superiors, and he is polite to everyone.
5. The Scout hastens to make himself useful.
6. He loves nature and tries to know it. He defends animals and loves plants.
7. He is always cheerful and even in sad moments he cheers those near him.
8. He is economical but not avaricious, exact and orderly.
9. The Scout is pure of body and soul. He does not smoke, he does not drink and he does not play with things that harm him.
10. The Scout loves novelty, is a worker and he protects his work and that of others.

TOUVIA B. ACHKENAZI

India

SINGAPORE, October 18, 1922.

A delightful afternoon was spent by all the Guides of Singapore in the grounds of the residence of the Chief Justice and Mrs. Sproule. The day was glorious and the scene perfect for the representation of the "Camp Fire Ceremonial" in which Lieut. Miss Gove and Patrol Leaders from the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Companies took leading parts, bearing huge torches which were solemnly lit, and declared to be emblematical of the ideals of the Movement.

There followed a very good display of physical training, and there was then singing by the Guides which was very pleasing and effective. The recently formed No. 3 Company, who are all Chinese girls, looked very nice in their uniforms with purple ties, and it is hoped another year to see some special display by them, but all Companies are to be praised for the really beautiful



samples of embroidery, lace, and needlework shown.

The Brownie Pack gave evidence of resourcefulness in being able to help in rescue work, and after this the Guides formed a big horseshoe with the Union Jack and Company colors, and Mrs. Sproule presented the badges which had been won. She afterwards gave the girls an inspiring address.

—*The Guide*, Jan. 27, 1923.

Portugal

There are at present two Companies of Girl Guides at Oporto. To each company there is a Ranger Patrol and Brownie Pack attached.

The 1st Oporto Company was formed in 1919 for the Girls of the British Colony. Almost at once there were applications for membership from the Portuguese, and in 1920 the 2nd Oporto Company was formed to satisfy the demand. . . . French, Swiss and Dutch girls have since been received.

We work under difficulties, as few people take interest in the Movement, and the Portuguese themselves do not receive a feminine enterprise well, on the whole.

On one occasion we attended a Public Parade, and were called upon to furnish a Guard of Honor to the Civil Governor of this City.

1ST AND 2ND OPORTO COMPANIES.

1919 1920 1921 1922

Members . . .	36	46	73	111
Resignations. . .	0	6	17	3
Badges . . .	27	185	154	213

ELLEN F. TEAGE,
Staff Capt.



Anniversary Day—Reval, Estonia.

Scotland

The increase of Guides in Scotland, during 1922, was not quite so great as the year before, but the Chief Guide said, when she visited us recently, that she felt that our foundations were now firm and sure. The numbers are 37,000, as compared with 30,000 in 1921.

Every year, for the last three years, Scottish Headquarters has run a camp in May to train Camp Advisers. Each county is asked to send one or two representatives. These Camp Advisers go home and hold a camp in their own county for training Guiders as campers, so nothing is now left to chance, and camping is fast becoming a high art.

Another fact which has tended to strengthen our foundation is the number of Training Weeks which have been held by Diplomaed Guiders. Every large town has its weekly Training classes, and fifteen Training weeks have been held when Guiders living together for a week under a Diplomaed Guider often got a new insight into what "Guiding" really meant, and went back to their companies with fresh ideas and more determined than ever to "play the game."

But perhaps the greatest sign of our strong foundation is the zeal with which Commissioners are anxious to be trained. Thirty-six Scottish Commissioners went to the Commissioners' Conference at Swanwick in Derbyshire, in October, and one noticed that every moment which could be spared from the lectures was devoted to drill classes, signalling, playing games, and country dancing. A Scottish Conference and Training combined

was held in Edinburgh in November and attended by 150 Commissioners. Everyone acknowledged that it was the best which we have had. This was largely due to the fact that the Chief Guide and her Assistant, Dame Katharine Furse, were present. The Great Brown Owl was also there and held a weekend Training for "Owls" after the Conference was finished.

Guides in Scotland are becoming more and more interested in their sisters in other lands, and one feels that slowly but surely the movement will form a League of Nations stronger than any formed by politicians.

The Scottish Guides send their greeting to the Girl Scouts of America and wish them "Good Camping" in the coming season.

MARGARET HOTCHKISS,
Sec., Edinburgh Hdqrs.

Italy

The Girl Scout organization is still at the earliest stage of development in Italy. During the war only one section (or troop) existed. This was in Rome under the Presidency of the Princess Borghese. There were very few members, but a complete program of Scouting activities were carried out, such as camping, practical instruction, and economical help, specially devoted to civil assistance.

Under the President General of the association in Italy, Princess Borghese, two more sections were organized in the new Italian provinces after the armistice, and a third is on its way. A similar condition was to be found during this same period in other parts of Italy.

We have therefore actually sections in Trenton (with 35 members) Romereto (55) and a third is starting in Riva di Trento. In Sardinia the Cagliari section (over 100) and Sanari with about 55; in Verona (45). Propaganda work is actively being pushed in other parts of the country.

Owing to special local and political circumstances and conditions, the Rovereto section has been able to attain more practical development, and has published a small compendium of useful instructions, which is certainly going to help our propaganda and the organization of new sections in Italy.

The constitution of a new committee of well inspired persons for this purpose, and the help which we have good reason to expect from this new strong patriotic government in our country, give us right to hope and trust in a more intensive development of our association in the near future.

PRINCESS BORGHESE

China

(Continued from page 15.)

on the table, that if an outdoor fire was not a practical thing to include, it was important that they know how to make a fire in a Chinese brick stove with the greatest possible economy of fuel; and that the boy scouts were teaching semaphore signalling based on the thirty-five (I think) characters of the new phonetic script, and thus automatically requiring a knowledge of the script itself. As wood or other inflammable material is practically never used in any constructive work in this part of China and no very thin materials are very much used in clothing, fire in buildings or clothing is very rare, but because in the school the floors are of wood and lamps and candles are used for lighting, we did include much of the Fire Prevention, and What to do in Case of Fire. Our nurse in the hospital here is adapting the health rules to suit Chinese girls and conditions. The requirement about earning money we are including—but not requiring—of our girls here, but no ways are open to them to earn money, not even through plays, entertainments or sales of various kinds, as would be possible for American boarding school girls.

School reopened the latter part
(Continued on page 25.)

Canada

CAMPBELLFORD,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

It certainly is a pleasure to me to be able to write about how we, 1st Campbellford, conduct our meetings.

We all gather in the club rooms, and at 7:30 one long blast is heard. This is followed by three short ones and one long one. The Leaders quickly fall in, at ease, in front of Captain and Lieutenant. Shortly the command is given "Guides on Parade," which brings all the Guides in Patrols, and all standing at ease. Then inspection takes place. After inspection is over our marks are totalled up for attendance, punctuality, subscription, and inspection. We are also able to obtain marks for school work, outside work, at meetings, and on hikes. The color party then falls out and with a few commands the Company is formed in the shape of a horseshoe. While in this way we salute the flag as it rises, hoisted by the color party, have prayer, repeat the Guide prayer, repeat the Guide Law and then the order "Scatter to the four winds" is given. Here we take one pace forward and salute, and go to our own corners of the room in which our Patrols are situated.

We have five Patrols in our Company: Daffodils, Maple Leaves, Pansies, Acorns, and Bluebells.

If there is any business to be talked over, or any badges to question about, it is done at this time. We also take up new badge work. After this is finished, many Guide games are enjoyed by the girls. Then the Captain blows one long blast. Again everything is still, and with another command we fall into single rank; in this way we are dismissed by turning to the right and saluting.—*The Guide*, Jan. 27, 1923.

Japan

We are starting out this year with an enrollment of twenty, the largest so far. We have a new captain and lieutenant and are proud to say that a council is being formed to back us up. We are divided in three patrols, the Silver



Fox, Elk and Ermine. Our troop crest is the bamboo which we think appropriate for a troop in Japan. We meet once a week at the only American School there is. We do a lot of things you might think queer.

This summer several of us went to camp. We staid in a summer cottage right at the base of Mt. Fuji. Wouldn't you like to watch the sunrise on snow-capped Fujiyama, or see it in moonlight? The best hike we took from camp was an all day one across a pass to a beautiful lake called Hakone. When we reached the shore there were no houses anywhere and we decided to eat our lunch or "bento" as we call them here. From there we could see the shadowy outlines of the country palace across the lake, the little sail boats drifting about and the image of the snowy summit of Fuji mirrored in the lake. Wouldn't you like to be a scout with us over here in Japan?

But scouting in Japan isn't all good times any more than in America. We all work on badges in our meetings and out. During the



En route to hike—Tokyo, Japan.

Christmas season we wished to do something as a troop. We collected old toys and sent them for distribution to the children of convicts. But we wanted to feel the giving spirit a little harder. We thought of visiting a hospital and taking holly and Christmas cards. But would you believe it, the sad part is the hospitals here don't understand that helping spirit. They have the attitude that if you come you want something for yourself.

If any scouts of America would like to write us we'll be glad to answer. We are scouts just like you all, and with hikes and work and prospects of another camp we are marching on with all the rest of the Scouts of the World to a better, bigger Scouting.

RUTH TENNY

Poland

During the last summer months our guiders worked more intensively than ever, as usually during the vacation months.

There were nine training courses arranged for the officers during last summer. They lasted from two to four weeks and were attended by 400 guiders.

In August the conference of all the Polish Guiders was held at a camp organized in Spuzza on the estate of Princess Sapicha. The Guides who were delegated to the Cambridge conference gave their impressions brought from England, and many questions with regard to Guiding in Poland were discussed. The conference lasted for four days. In January, 1923, the first Polish School for Guiders will be opened with Mrs. Matkowska as its leader. The school will be held in Zakopane where there will be an opportunity to ski for a week. Zakopane is situated in the mountains of Tatra. At any rate we are trying to make the most of the time and opportunities which are coming our way and to be true to our motto: "In a healthy body—the healthy soul."

The Movement is progressing steadily although the number of the companies is not increasing at present. It has been decided that as we have not enough qualified leaders it is even better to close some of the companies, which do not stand on the demanded level of organization, than to allow them to vegetate, as this would only spoil the girls and ruin our reputation in the community.

Now as Christmas approaches a great variety of pleasures and work is waiting for us. First of all, as usually at Christmas time, our companies will arrange a special good turn; for instance, some companies dress a Xmas tree with toys, fruits and useful things and carry it to a poor family; others arrange a display in an orphanage or a concert in a hospital or sell some self-made toys and with the money gained pay the school registration fee for the poorest schoolmate, and so on. Our guides intend to organize excursions, scouting displays, and our Headquarters some conferences again.

This is all the news about the last year, now we are wishing to all of you happy Christmas.

JANINE TWORKOWSKA,
International Sect'y.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE GIRLS



Ready for a picnic—Holland.



Forward March—Portugal



Guatemala Scout in Native Indian Costume.



A corner of the camping ground—Foxlease House, England.



"F. B." and

THE WORLD
WITH
SCOUTS ::



A tiny tent in France with happy inmates.



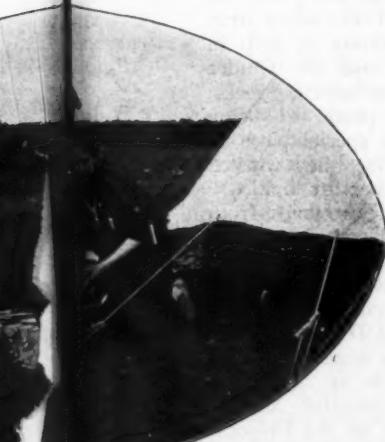
Out to hear the surf—Denmark.



Girl Scout leaders in Czecho-slovakia.



*Italian
girls camp
near the
Alps.*



F. P. camp.

More News From Foreign Lands

Beirut, Syria

(American University)

We have no castle in Normandy to boast of as our club-room, nor yet a Russian princess as a member of our Troop (see "Scouting News from Abroad", 1922!), and you are constantly reading of such exciting events happening out here in the Near East, these days, that the news we send you from our little cactus-alleyed, flat-roofed schoolhouse, Sunday-School, and Club Room, all in one, won't give you a particular thrill!

But it gives us a thrill to think of you all, five thousand miles across the seas, doing the same things that we are trying to do here in Syria. We hold our meetings once a week, Friday afternoons after school; the two patrols, "Sunflower" and "Daisy", taking turns in entertaining each other; our Cedar Troop consisting of thirteen members in all. Though we are only "Tenderfooters" as yet, some of us are ready for Second Class tests, and two of us are almost ready for Proficiency Badges.



Cedar Troop—Beirut, Syria.

Though actual camping-out in the open is denied us, because of insurmountable native conditions, we get in wonderful hikes, ranging from exciting all-day picnics along the coast of the Mediterranean, to hour walks after school, to watch the surf come rolling in from the sea after a heavy storm from the west. Sometimes we play "Hare and Hounds", dodging up cactus alleys, and over the stony fields below the college campus, stopping to "whirl" daisy tops down old Syrian wells, or to throw flint and watch the sparks fly. (Some of us have made large collections of flints and fossils, from our wanderings over Syrian fields!)

The Girl Guides of Syria, three troops in all, invited us recently to

a Rally at the Syrian National School, where we were entertained with songs, games, and exhibition signalling, First Aid, etc., which made us feel very lazy and insignificant until we realized that they had had several years' start of us. But one of our oldest Scouts wrote a song for the occasion and we didn't mind parading our infancy on the platform as we sang with all our hearts:

TUNE OF "HEROES"

"Oh a band of live Girl Scouts are we,

And we greet you here today;
We have badges to earn and much to learn

In all our work and play.
But a Scout and a Guide must go side by side,

And we shall be friends alway.

Oh the world is full of folk to help,
And work that a girl can do,
And although our name is not the same,

We're the same sort of girl as you;

So a Scout and a Guide must go side by side,

In friendship strong and true."

We have found the "AMERICAN GIRL" a very interesting companion this year, and the suggestions from cookery to woodcraft quite exciting. The "Girl Scout Cookies," which we've made from following your recipe, have given us quite a "rep" in the community, and by adding cakes and candies to our sales we have earned enough plasters to help pay for our uniforms, which we have nearly finished making ourselves.

Last summer some of us served a banquet to our fathers and mothers, in the Lebanon summer resort, where we all escape for the hot season as soon as school is over. Each guest was asked to check off the approved dishes on the menu as they were served. (Soup, meat loaf, vegetables, bread, salad, ice-cream with sauce, and cake! . . . made by our would-be cooks from ten to seventeen years old. And all of them passed!

We wish you could come for a week's visit with us next summer, far up on the Syrian mountain side, to the Cedars of Lebanon which have given us our name.

The Cedar Troop of Beirut.
KATHRYN HULBERT, Captain

Great Britain

By Mrs. Mark Kerr, Deputy Chief Commissioner for London of the Home Countries.

Guiding has gone ahead in Great Britain during the past year, the total numbers have increased approximately from 219,296 to 257,151, which does not include Guiders or Commissioners.

All three Branches, the Guides, Brownies, and Rangers, have increased in proportion; the Guides number 173,134; the Brownies—74218 and the Rangers—9799.

This latter Branch was the last to be started, and it has only lately taken firm root in the British Isles. This year the first Conference for Ranger Officers was held, and was attended by about 40 Captains.

The greatest number of Guides are, of course, in London, where there are now over 40,000.

The first notable event of 1922 was the marriage of our President, H.R.H. Princess Mary, which took place, as all the world knows, in Westminster Abbey on February 28th. The Chief Scout and Chief Guide and the Commissioner for London, Mrs. Mark Kerr, were specially invited to the wedding, and ten seats in the Abbey were reserved for the Executive Committee of the Guide Movement. As soon as her engagement was announced, thousands of telegrams of congratulation poured into Buckingham Palace from every corner of the globe. Queen Mary sent for a special party of Girl Guides from National Headquarters to help in answering them, and the Guides were kept busy for several weeks. They were very proud of being selected to do this special piece of work, and of course, they worked for nothing, or rather for love!

The Guides and Brownies from all over the world contributed one penny each towards a wedding present for Princess Mary, and the total amount collected in this way was over £900 (\$4500).

Several presents were given: A Tenderfoot brooch in diamonds and rubies; a beautiful antique silver tray, chosen by the Princess herself, and silver statuettes of a Guide and a Brownie. The balance, which amounted to a considerable sum, was given to the Princess for her favorite charities. The Guides

of Norfolk, in whom the Princess takes a special interest, presented her with a huge standard, bearing her arms and those of the Guide Movement; it was designed and embroidered entirely by Guides, and is a beautiful piece of craftsmanship.

The Guides themselves received a wonderful gift on the occasion of Princess Mary's wedding; an American lady, Mrs. Saunderson, gave to the Guide movement her beautiful English home, Foxlease Park, in the New Forest. Princess Mary gave £10,000 towards the upkeep of this place, and it has been equipped by gifts from all over the world.

Foxlease Park is to be used as a Central Training School for Guide Officers; training courses are held there throughout the year by Miss Alice Behrens, assisted by other experienced Guiders. The house will hold 30 visitors, and hardly a day has passed since it was opened in June, that it has not been full to the limits of its capacity.

The second International Conference took place in June at Newham College, Cambridge, and was attended by delegates from about 30 different countries, (America was represented), besides many British Commissioners. The Conference lasted five days, and was immensely enjoyed by all.

We have had many visitors from Overseas, and we have also sent out many Guiders to visit other countries. A British Guider was invited by the Belgians to act as Commandant of their first large National Camp, which was held in the Ardennes, and proved very successful.

A new venture was the International Conference and Camp which were held in France last August, the Conference being attended by Commissioners from England, France, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia, and by Mrs. Low, who represented America. The Camp included 29 British, 15 French, and 12 Belgian Guides, who all worked and played together in the greatest harmony. It is hoped to make the Camp an annual event.

Camping has gone ahead very much during the year, and more Camps were held than in previous years, in spite of the stricter tests which have been imposed upon the Guiders. British Headquarters are very much in favor of individual

troop camps, because they make for *esprit de corps*, and because they afford the best opportunity for the Captains to get into close personal touch with their Guides. No Guider is, however, allowed to take her Guides to camp till she has passed a test in practical camping, and has obtained her "Camper's License." In every part of the country Camp Advisers have been appointed, in order to train and supervise their own Captains in camping, and in order to visit and inspect troops camping in their areas, and to help them with advice as to local conditions, etc. It is hoped that this system will raise the standard of camping throughout the country, and will ensure the Guides getting the greatest possible benefit, both physically and morally, out of those precious weeks, the very quintessence of Guiding.

This last year has demonstrated in increasing measure not only what scouting can do for the girlhood of our own country, but also how the magic bond extends all over the earth, linking the nations together, and making for peace and goodwill.

China

(Continued from page 20)

of February, and on March 3rd we had our first Scout meeting. A few days previous, at chapel, Miss Cheng had told them something about Scouting and our plans—incorporating, by the way, the editorial in the International Number of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and at the beginning of the meeting she told this group a little more about in detail. Then we got them into patrol formation, appointed the leaders, let them choose the corporals, and taught them the salute.

It is difficult even now, however, to get them to put any snap into it, for any "peppy" or snappy action seems almost beyond their comprehension. They also copied the promise and laws to learn for the next time, and then we had a simple relay race and our first scout meeting was over.

At our second meeting they learned to whip the ends of their ropes, a particularly easy task for them because the ends of their long braids are fastened with string in exactly the same way. We also started on the knots, and here is



Patrol I—American School, China.

where they are far quicker than the American girls.

The question of names came up in a conference of the teachers and patrol leaders of both troops. Miss Cheng suggested Wheat, as there is a Chinese saying to the effect that from one head of wheat many fields can grow. So at the Girls' School we have the Wheat troop. This is a particularly happy choice, as it enabled them to adopt the school orders of blue and yellow, yellow wheat on a blue crest. Their scout uniforms are the regular blue school uniforms, dark blue for winter and light blue for summer. All the girls who wished to submitted designs for the crest, and the girl who designed the one finally chosen had a certain number of points awarded to her patrol. In their regular handiwork class at school each girl embroidered her own crest, and this week they will start to make their troop flag.

The Women's school wanted me to name them "for America". Consequently this first officers' training class is the "Pine Tree Troop" named for the First G. S. T. S. at Pine Tree Camp. They were much delighted when I told them their names and why I had given it to them. It is, of course, impracticable for them to have uniforms, but we are designing an arm band. This they will wear as soon as they complete all the tenderfoot work.

We also designed a "tenderfoot pin", about the size and similar in shape to our own Girl Scout pin, but containing the characters which mean Girl Scouts. These we have made from a white brass by hand at the equivalent of less than ten cents United States money! The characters and border are raised from a "dug out" background.

I regret exceedingly that conditions here made hiking, camping and the freedom of outdoor life that we have at home impossible for

(Continued on page 31)

CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 11.)

what I think more than the girls I know do. Father, this is it: Can't I buy my clothes, and—and—not have Aunt Emily feel any responsibility for me? It seems to be hard on her, too."

"Too? That means it's hard on you?" asked Mr. Bell.

"She means well, but—" Sylvia stopped.

"Yes, I know; she takes it hard and makes it hard," Mr. Bell agreed. "Emily is one of those persons who can't trust goodness to be attractive. I know; I recall that I found her wearing when I was a small boy. She is fifteen years older than I, you know. She is an excellent woman, but it is trying to be run in a mold, especially if its design doesn't suit your material. I am quite willing that you should buy your clothes, my dear. Suppose I 'allowance' you? Then you can be perfectly independent. You are the mistress of my house, my daughter; also of my heart!"

SYLVIA'S father made a dramatic gesture toward his heart, to prevent the outburst of feeling he dreaded from his emotional daughter.

"Oh, how beautiful!" breathed Sylvia, rapturously. "I shall be nothing but *me*!"

"Nothing else, I assure you!" Mr. Bell laughed. "Unless it is Captain Sylvia?"

"One thing more, father; just one thing! Would you care if I didn't sit at the side of the table, but took the head of it, and made the coffee mornings, in the percolator—the electric percolator?"

Her father tipped back his head and laughed heartily.

"Dear child, I beg your pardon! Where else should the head of the house sit except at the head of the table? It was stupid of me not to place you there before. But the specification of the electric percolator is rather funny! You are a little girl still, tall daughter! I am glad of that!" he cried.

THE next day Sylvia came flying downstairs with her customary speed. She wore a knitted cap, pulled down over her head, close to her eyebrows. A thick, soft sweater of the same greyish blue

as the cap was buttoned up to her chin. Her lovely blue eyes looked bluer than ever in this surrounding, her face was alight with content and fun.

"Sing ho, sing hey, for the chilly, chilly bay!" she caroled, inspired to an Elizabethan sort of song, but getting no farther with it.

"Mr Clement Bell, be sure to bundle well!"

"Sylvia, my dear, it's dismaying to set out with a skipper whose mind is going! It surely is 'a chilly, chilly bay.' I've put on everything I could lay my hands on, except my bedding, and I didn't see the way to button on the mattress."

"You know I'm a cold creature," he added. "I hope you are warmly clad; you move suspiciously freely. I can hardly bend."

"Oh, poor little father! Aren't you going to fish for smelts?" cried Sylvia.

"No, I'm going to keep my hands deep in my pockets," declared Mr. Bell. "I don't care about smelts, anyway."

"Nor I!" cried Sylvia, tossing her line on the hall chair. "I just suggested fishing to get you out with me for the last sail of the season."

The wind was high; it blew cuttingly sharp from the northwest. O'Malley shivered beside the mast, then came aft and tried to get under Sylvia's skirt, as *The Walloping Window Blind* lay over and cut through the water, sending the spray back over her passengers.

Sylvia's face was reddened by the cold, her eyes shone through a salt mist driven into them by the wind as the sea foam arose around the bow of her boat. She looked badly tousled, extremely cold, exceedingly happy. Several times her father started to suggest returning, but could not bring himself to curtail her pleasure.

At last he said: "Do you think it will require a long sail to bid the boat good-bye for this season, Sylvia?"

"We'll come about this minute, father; I'm sorry. It's nice, though, isn't it? Viking wind and weather," Sylvia said. "I'm going to run ashore, instead of mooring her. Gabriel told me to. He'll go out after the tender later. I'm to beach *The Walloping Window Blind* in front of his shack; he'll

pull her up and tuck her in warm for the winter."

Sylvia stood up as she put her helm hard down and brought her boat around safely, in spite of the strong wind. Her father watched her absorbed face, her quick, sure movements, her quiet triumph as she sank back into her place, thefeat accomplished.

"Do you see something ahead, floating?" asked Sylvia. "O'Malley, what's that?"

Both of her passengers responded to her call. Mr. Bell squinted across the sunlit water, and O'Malley jumped up on the seat beside him, and frantically looked in every direction. It was O'Malley who first made out the object which Sylvia had noted.

"I thought so, too, O'Malley!" Sylvia cried. "Father, what do you think?"

"I haven't heard either of you say distinctly what you thought the floating thing was. I don't mind saying that I've no idea, myself, what it is."

"A cat, I think; so does O'Malley," cried Sylvia, and O'Malley confirmed her when he heard the word.

"Somebody's cat has floated off on a board or something. I'm going to try to overhaul her and save her. We've got to save her, father! Will you take the helm and let me do the catching? I'm more used to it." Sylvia's excitement grew.

"I'm out of practice handling a boat, Sylvia. You luff up for the cat, and I'll try to catch her. I can do that better than the other." Mr. Bell prepared to lie out along the deck, sharing Sylvia's excitement.

ALL right, but for pity's sake don't miss her! She'll die, you know, if we don't get her. I'm pretty sure it's Gabriel's Mate!" Sylvia said. "O'Malley, be quiet. You'll frighten her if you bark. Lie down, again, O'Malley dear; it's a medal for you if I save her. I'll present it!"

Sylvia shut her lips tight and put all her mind on her steering. O'Malley obediently lay down, but he whined ceaselessly in a subdued way.

Mr. Bell lay on the edge of the deck, holding himself with his left hand, his right hand bared, ready

(Continued on page 39)



THE PRACTICAL SCOUT INDOORS AND OUT



Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs

Chickens For Pleasure And Profit

How many Scouts, I wonder, would be able and glad to keep a few chickens in their back yard if they felt they could do so without any expense to their family and if they only knew how to go about it? I have an idea that there are a good many who would gladly try the experiment and who, with a little advice, which The Practical Editor is ready and able to give, could at the end of the year show a tidy little sum for their trouble, besides having stored away a good deal of useful knowledge. I am going to give you a general idea of the cost and possible profit, and also what it would require in the way of space and shelter, and the time and care required to make the venture a success. Then, if between now and the next issue, I receive enough responses from Scouts who would like to have a regular but simple course in chicken raising, we will try to manage a paragraph each month to cover essentials, and perhaps we can beg a little more space elsewhere in the magazine now and then for more detailed particulars.

Eight pullets (that is, hens under a year old,) are a very good number for a back yard flock. They should have a yard of their own wired in, if possible, and this should allow about 20 square feet per hen; this sounds a great deal, but an enclosure 12 ft. by 12 ft. will very nearly do it, and almost any back yard would accommodate such a space. The question of the house or shelter will, of course, be the most difficult one to manage, for in many of the Northern States the chickens will need careful protection from the extreme cold and wet. If you have a shed or lean-to of some sort which can be adapted for this purpose you will be fortunate. If not, then you will have to construct your hen house according to the directions which will be given in another paper. This is, of course, if there is any demand for them.

But both the ex-

pense and necessity of your hen house can be postponed for awhile, without retarding the development of your flock. You can begin with two old hens and two settings of eggs in a couple of dry goods boxes, and from these two broods of chicks you will not only be able to select your eight good pullets for next winter's flock, but you will also be able to sell the young cockerels and extra pullets fattened for broilers, which will pay for your initial cost of the two hen mothers and the eggs, besides leaving you a small sum for your further developments.

And now let us see what the economic aspects of the case are, or, in other words, what it will cost. You ought to be able to buy two good brood hens for \$1.50 to \$2.00 apiece, and two settings of from 14 to 16 eggs for \$1.00 to \$1.50 apiece, according to the breed, and it is always worth while to start with good stock. Let us say at the outside you will have spent \$7.00; \$2.00 more will pay for all the feed and incidentals you will need, for you will of course give them the kitchen scraps. Nine dollars then will be needed as capital, but with care and by following directions you should have at least 10 nice little chicks from each hatching; from these you will select 8 nice pullets and you will have 12 broilers to sell. These should bring in at least 75 cents apiece, and the old hens sold for \$1.00 or \$1.50, according to what you paid for them, you will have recovered your \$9.00 and have \$2.00 or \$3.00 in bank, and your pullets for next winter's eggs.

Your eight pullets will lay 150 eggs apiece during the year. They can do much more, but we are making our calculations on the safe side. This means 100 dozen eggs a year from the flock and these, sold at an average price of 50 cents a dozen, will bring you in \$50.00. You will feed them largely on kitchen scraps, but you had better count on \$18 of feed beside. This leaves you a net profit of \$32.00. We must remember that this doesn't include the cost of your chicken house. That may, in the first year, take up a large part

of your profit, but it will be permanent and of no further expense.

You will have to feed and water your hens three times a day, and at least once a week you will have to clean out your hen house, but there are devices for making the latter task much easier than one would at first suppose.

I have now given you an idea of the foundation needed in plant, that is, house, grounds, etc., in money and in time; and some little idea of the returns in money which you may expect. But I want to add that there is, beside the money return, a great deal of pleasure in keeping a nice flock of hens. They are not at all the stupid, uninteresting creatures that most people think them. They have individuality and sometimes display marked affections. I had one white leghorn hen in a flock of some two hundred who watched for my coming as a dog would, and I had no sooner opened the door to the chicken house than she would fly down in front of me and spread her wings to be scratched and petted.

Answer to Problem in January Number

Several answers have come in to the problem in the January number. All suggesting hitting the bottle in some manner: "on the bottom," "on the stopper," with a wooden mallet, "gently," etc., etc. But this is not the best or surest way. The principle is to apply heat by friction. And the best method is to take a piece of tape or silk ribbon if you have it, tie one end of it to a door knob or any handy stationary object, twist the ribbon around the neck of the bottle once, then draw the ribbon tight and hold the loose end in your left hand while you run the bottle quickly back and forth on the ribbon. The friction of the fast moving ribbon around the neck of the bottle will heat the glass and the cork can easily be removed.



THE AMERICAN GIRL

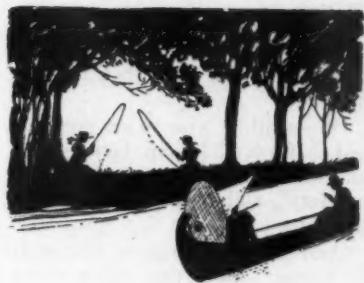
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(Continued on page 34.)



In the Open With El Comancho

This new department is sure to be of interest to all Girl Scouts and their leaders, especially as the material was given to us by El Comancho, one of the leading outdoor authorities in this country.

The best firewood for cooking fires in camp is the very dry woods that make heat and little smoke. These are the hard woods, such as Maple, Hickory, Beech, Oak, etc. Dry, dead roots that are found in river driftwood piles also make excellent cooking fires, especially for noon or other short-time stops.

Fire is more dangerous in the woods and mountains than all the wild animals in the wilderness. Don't ever go away from camp and leave your camp fire burning. Put it out by soaking it with water or covering it with dirt or sand without vegetable matter in it. If you do this you will be safe from fire, but not otherwise.

* Always build a camp fire in an open spot where the wind currents can sweep across it without eddying; then the smoke will blow out of camp and not ruin everybody's eyes and temper. Never build your fire in the lee of rock or tent, or against a tree or a log. Keep it in the open.

Always carry a magnifying glass when you go to the wilds. Use it to examine rocks, flowers, insects and other interesting things, as well as to find thorns and slivers in your fingers. If you lose all your matches you can still build a fire if you carry a glass: just get a ball of very light, finely shredded fibre of any kind and then focus the sunlight on it through your glass and hold it there till it burns.

JOYCE, GERRY AND NICKO

(Continued from page 8.)

first part of the way, then took to the forest."

"We shall be wise to get guides," said Alford. "Indian Guides can take us as far at least as *this* part in safety", and he marked a spot on the map.

"And then", said Gerry, "through the forest?—does that space mean 'unexplored'?"

"Yes", replied her father, "right up to the river—Star River you called it, my boy?"

"Dad named it," said Nicko briefly; "he named the Creek, too. He said it would be better anyway, as new names give no clues. That place there is called Dilman's Shack. The clearing was made by Indians—it's an old burying ground; behind the ridge the Algonquins used to hide in ambush for the Objibways on their way from trading. The shack's deserted as far as we could find out."

The Professor nodded.

"Perhaps I could tell you more about Dilman's Shack than you know, lad", said he. "Well, I'll take this map to bed with me and we'll make an early start. I guess I'll go out now to see about the Guides. Will you come, Nicko?—we'll leave the girls here till we return".

Nicko sprang up at once.

Action was what he needed—badly. Action, adventure—possibly revenge, should he prove that that chance shot which had robbed him of a father had been fired with purpose to kill.

CHAPTER IV

Shooting the Rapids.

SAY," remarked Nicko, curiously, "you girls aren't coming on our trail with us?"

It was *very* early morning indeed, and Nicko, returning from a swim in a neighbouring stream, had found Gerry lolling against the snake fence.

"I reckon," retorted Miss Gerry with spirit, "that Joyce and I are going as far as a boy named Nicko."

The retort was unexpected; Nicko gaped.

"Why, you'll be sniffin' an' whinin' to go back to your Mammie," said he, "as soon as your feet get sore. And you'd have fits at first sight of a Redskin."

"You're wise, you are," quoth

THE AMERICAN GIRL

the contemptuous Gerry; "I'll race you as far as that fallen maple—and beat you."

Nicko laughed. He had never had much to do with girls, but had an idea they were inferior beings who read love stories and played with dolls.

He deigned to accept the challenge and ran—carelessly at first, then with increasing zest—and respect.

The Spider—with the reputation of her sex at stake—flew over the ground and arrived at the post just ahead of the amazed Nicko, whose generosity was instantly aroused.

"Shake", said he, holding out a sun-burnt hand. "You're some girl."

"And you are some boy," she replied readily, "but don't say any more about our sniffin'."

"I won't," he promised, "but are you really comin' on the trail? It may be a dandy adventure right off the beaten track. You won't be scared stiff at sight of a scalping knife or a bit of a fight?"

"I'll tell you—after," said Gerry cautiously, "anyway Joyce and I wouldn't miss it. Dad would get lost without us. You see, we know a bit about forestry; when we were in camp last year in Muskoka we learned all we could."

"In camp?" queried Nicko. "What sort of camp?"

Gerry twirled on her toes.

"The Barkill Company of Girl Guides," said she. "We're Guides, Joyce and I. Our motto's 'Be Prepared'. That's a good motto, I reckon, as good as knowing how to play the game."

Nicko rubbed his head.

"You're sports," he said. "I guess that's what being Guides means. It's better than other girls who are frightened at gettin' their clothes spoiled or their feet wet. Hello, there's your father. We'd better locate breakfast."

Gerry was quite ready. She and Joyce had been hungry as hunters. Joyce had been finishing the packing of their kit. All the party was in good spirits and the Professor was glad to see the blank despair had gone from Nicko's face. This adventure was the best thing for him, and though he was bound to have his dark hours of grief, he would be taking interest once more in life.

The Carriers and Guides were hired, though there had been some difficulty about it.

There had been a good many 'tender-feet' arriving at Rib Lake lately, all confident of finding fortune in primeval forests. Nicko showed a supreme contempt for such strangers.

"Guess they want to wrap themselves in a swaddling kit before they go to stake their claims," said he. "They don't know what they're in for. Never mind; each for himself in this journey."

"That's not true," contradicted Gerry flatly; "you've been looking after Joyce ever since we left. Oh, are those our canoes?"

They had come out upon the bank of a river as Gerry spoke and there before them stood the tall figures of a couple of Algonquins, handsome, bronzed natives of the wild, wearing their picturesque dress and showing none of the degeneracy of their tribe, such as was often to be noticed among the Indians of the reserves.

"Don't forget to speak courteously to them, lassies," said the Professor in an undertone; "they are faithful *only* as long as they are treated with respect."

The girls looked in some awe into the inscrutable faces as their father introduced Bear Shirt and Grey Axe. Bear Shirt was the younger and bigger of the two, with fierce black eyes and a proud air which seemed in rebellion with his task.

The embarking took place easily; the Indian's paddles flashed in the sunlight and they were off. The Professor and Gerry were in one canoe with Grey Axe; Joyce, Nicko and Bear Shirt in the other. The guide spoke a few words of English but he was not talkative and sat like a bronze statue, only moving his arms as he dipped the paddle.

"It's almost like flying, isn't it?" said Joyce. "I love it—and isn't everything beautiful? Listen to the birds, and oh, look at that little darling! I wonder what it is."

Nicko looked. "A Cedar waxwing," said he; "they are jolly little chaps. Gee! I bet there's good fishing in this old river—did you see that fine fellow?"

In her anxiety to watch the course of the silver-finned salmon, Joyce nearly upset the canoe, and a brief warning from Bear Shirt kept her very still for some time. Nicko had fallen into a brown study—she

could guess what about—and sympathy for her companion kept the girl silent.

A sudden squeal from the next canoe made them both start. Gerry was hailing them.

"Wake up! I believe you were both asleep. I'm not! Grey Axe has been telling us about Manitons. Ripping! Now we're coming to some rapids. Don't be scared. Grey Axe says it will be all right. Dad's the trouble! He nearly capsized the canoe grabbing at a new specimen."

Joyce and Nicko were fairly roused now, and cast envious eyes towards the neighboring canoe.

Grey Axe was certainly more amiable than their own guide. He even allowed the flicker of a smile to pass his hatchet face.

"You'll have to hold tight, Spider," called Nicko; "it's some shower bath. Golly! can't you feel the —".

The rest of his speech was drowned by the roar of the falls.

Bear Shirt had risen and, bending forward, prepared to guide his cockle shell craft down the abyss.

Joyce had often heard of rapids, but this experience was quite unlike anything she had imagined. Before them lay a dense white haze—the fine spray which might have been the smoke rising from a vast caldron—whose depths were invisible.

No time to exclaim!—no time to cry out. It seemed a certainty that their last moment must have come, and yet instinct bade the bewildered girl grip convulsively to the sides of the canoe as it swept over the rim of the fall to glide at lightning speed downwards upon the bosom of the mighty sheet of water.

Down . . . down . . . the sense of falling into limitless space was terrible, and yet the moment was one too breathless for thought. It was to all seeming the end.

Down . . . down . . . suffocated by the dense spray, deafened by the monotonous roar which echoed like a hundred voices of doom.

And yet, still Joyce clung desperately to the frail bark sides, the canoe, which, had it fallen foul of any of the jagged rocks around, would have been ripped from end to end.

Down . . . down . . . a mad rushing, rumbling, maddened waters which hurried and flung them forward beyond the wild swirl into the rushing current of the stream. Racing, whirling, swaying and

(Continued on page 32)

American Red Cross Literature for Use of Girl Scouts

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION

First Aid:

ARC 300—First Aid Contests.
ARC 1004—Junior Life-Saving Crews.

ARC 1006—First Aid Instruction in Schools.

ARC 1009—Catalogue of First Aid Books and Supplies.

Home Hygiene:

ARC 704—Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick.

Junior:

ARC 612—Production of Children's Garments by Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries.

ARC 613—Activities of the Junior Red Cross in City, Town and Rural Schools.

ARC 616—The American Red Cross in the School.

ARC 618—The Junior Red Cross: A program.

ARC 618—Sup. No. 1: Organization for Action.

ARC 618—Sup. No. 2: Junior Red Cross School Correspondence.

ARC 619—The Court of Service (Junior Pageant).

Civic Training Through Service. (Teacher's Leaflet No. 8).

Lessons in Civics for Three Primary Grades. (Teacher's Leaflet No. 9).

Junior Foreign Program:

A Message of Interest.

Poster: Junior American Red Cross in Action Abroad.

Excerpt from "The Red Cross Courier" (pp. 4 and 5) issue of February 4, 1922.

(Note: The above three items deal with the work of the Junior Red Cross abroad. They have been gotten out as special propaganda, though they have been issued at this time to specially interest people and are not regular pieces of Red Cross literature such as the pamphlets and books mentioned in this list. They are temporary literature, but should interest Girl Scouts; a few of them can be had upon application.)

Nursing:

ARC 703—Information for Nurses Desiring to Enroll with the Red Cross.

ARC 711—Have You a Community Nurse in Your Town or County?

ARC 715—Information for Nurses Concerning the Red Cross Public Health Nursing Service.

ARC 717—College and High School Girls.

Volunteer:

ARC 407—Refugee Garments: Infant's Layette.

ARC 413—The Summons: An Appeal for Chapter Production.

ARC 414—Braille.

For Sale:

ARC 718—Red Cross Course in Food Selection, 50c copy.

Teachers' Handbook of First Aid Instruction, 25c copy.

First Aid Textbook (general edition) (paper), 40c copy.

First Aid Textbook (general edition) (cloth), 75c copy.

Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick Textbook (paper), 70c copy.

Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick Textbook (cloth), \$1.25 copy.

Learn to Speak Chinook

El Comancho, who is conducting a new department of outdoor life in THE AMERICAN GIRL, has compiled a most interesting book through the study of which Girl Scouts can learn to speak in the Indian language.

If any of the Scouts would like to take this up to use at Troop meetings among themselves, they will find it fascinating. Read the advertisement on page 42.

China

(Continued from page 25)

these girls. But we do have all our meetings out on the school playground, and we hope to be able to take the girls on at least one expedition before the close of school. But I long for the parks and the woods and the streams and the freedom of our girls at home.

HELEN MCCLURE

Send us your letters and pictures from abroad for our foreign page.

THE AMERICAN GIRL



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Laurette Taylor, in *Peg O' My Heart*, is quite the most charming movie actress we have seen in many a day.

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"Mike", her dog, was especially appealing and we loved the part where Peg dashes out in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, of which she is desperately afraid, to rescue him and bring him into the house with her.

The ending came out happily, just as it ought to, and we feel sure that all Girls Scouts will enjoy this picture.



A Novel Grab Bag

At your bazaar this winter, or your garden party this summer, try having Betzy Lee make money for you. Betzy should be a very pretty young lady, dressed in a hoopskirt made with pockets all the way around it, from which should hang many colored ribbons. For a nickel or dime, you may pull one of the ribbons and gain a prize.

This idea was sent us by Lucy Anne Turner of St. Louis, Mo.

JOYCE, GERRY AND NICKO

(Continued from page 31)

spinning like a brown leaf in autumn gale, the canoe had reached the outer circle of the all-devouring vortex, and a few seconds later was drifting along quieter waters beyond the rapids.

Was it possible to be alive after such an experience? The question could not be asked aloud. The thunder of the falls still pursued them with deafening uproar, but at least they could look around and make sure each and all were safe. A sob of thankfulness escaped Joyce as out from the mist of spume she saw the second canoe reeling towards them.

Safe! Safe! Drenched, half drowned, unable yet to hear the sound of each other's voices, the little party of travellers thankfully crawled up the river bank and sank down under the shade of the trees.

Gerry flung herself into her sister's arms. It was the wettest hugging!—but enthusiasm of thankfulness warmed it well!

"Wasn't it tremendous?" gasped Gerry. "Oh, Joyce, I do hope there's another way home."

The voice of Nicko, cheery and comical in tone, turned their thoughts from past danger to present need.

"Say!" quoth Nicko, "Supper's drowned, I guess. All hands forward! We must light a fire and dry *something*, for I should say shooting the rapids is the hungriest job on record. Hurry up, girls! Guides forward. Be prepared, Gerry. That's that."

No need either for a second command.

Dripping as they were, the girls set about finding firewood. Even Bear Shirt and Grey Axe assisted, though it was evidently a strain on their dignity. But many hands make light work, and a cheerful blaze soon dried clothes and stores as well as helping to warm the welcome rations and provide the needful hot water for making some excellent coffee of which Joyce was the brewer.

"Some coffee," applauded Nicko, as he hugged his mug between his hands; "if that's what Girl Guides are taught then I drink to the health of the Guides."

These two particular ones did not look as if much was amiss with their health! In spite of the ducking, and the shocking practice of drying their clothes without taking them off, they were as rosy and

sturdy as could be, and in spite of very primitive camping—out under the spruce and pine trees all slept like the proverbial tops—it was the bright morning rays of the sun which awoke Joyce from jumbled dreams. Up she started from her couch of moss with a cry of bewilderment.

"Where am I?" she gasped—and then, in shriller notes of alarm, "Where's Gerry?"

At her cry the Professor and Nicko, themselves only just rousing, came hurrying up. Gerry's moss bed was certainly empty; not a sign of the child was to be seen. "I'll ask the Indians," said Nicko, paling a little at the possibility of harm having come to his chum, "they have been sleeping sure with one eye open!"

But, as he turned to call to the Algonquins who were placidly seated under a pine tree playing at plums-stones, a shrill scream from the direction of the river reached them.

It was Gerry's voice, raised in tones of wild alarm.

CHAPTER V

Good Hunting

WITH a cry almost as shrill as Gerry's own, Joyce rushed towards the river, though she was soon outdistanced by her father and Nicko. As they thrust their way through clustering undergrowth and sprang out upon the bank, a sight met their eyes more comical than tragic.

For there lay Gerry, face downwards, along the smooth branch of a forest tree, clutching heroically at a thick stick which she had improvised into the roughest and readiest of fishing rods. Stout string formed the line, a twisted safety pin the hook, a small piece of salt junk the bait, and this had immediately attracted the morning appetite of a silvery-scaled salmon which in rushing upon its meal had found that hideous pin sticking fast in its throat. Gerry had at once engaged in a battle where she was certainly outmatched, for the salmon was a monster of some fifteen or twenty pounds weight and his struggles were fierce. Gerry's arms were all but pulled from their sockets, and long ago would she have joined her capture in the river had it not been for the intervening bough. In her agony of fear, lest she might lose her prize, she had yelled 'right lustily'; and, had help not come, she would have had to choose between letting go, or being pulled round

and down into the stream. But help had come, and *very* gladly Gerry yielded her rod to stronger arms.

"All the same it's *nearly* my salmon, isn't it?" she urged as they gathered round the spot where the beautiful fish lay conquered in death.

"Of course it is", replied Nicko promptly. "Altogether yours, I should say. It was the most sporting catch I ever saw. Three cheers for the breakfast provider."

"And the Cook", added Gerry; "that's Joyce! She always beat everyone in camp at cooking. I always forget things — excepting that an oniony knife is best cleaned by digging it in the earth. I wish I knew another cure for sore muscles."

"Pride," said Nicko. "Look at your salmon and you'll forget there's such a thing as an ache. I'm just as jealous as can be. You bet I won't let you be getting up at cock-crow tomorrow."

Joyce was quite successful in her cooking of the salmon, though, to be sure, she didn't find cooking as easy as she imagined — when there is a shortage of pots and pans! But Grey Axe came to her assistance with some homely 'tips' taught by necessity, and the result was a first rate meal.

As the canoes needed some repairing, it was decided to remain where they were for the day and finish the remainder of their river journey in easy stages.

"What's the hurry?" asked Nicko, and the Professor was even readier than the girls to agree, for there was more than one new specimen to be found both among Temagami flora and butterflies.

The young folks spent pleasant hours in searching for fruit. Such raspberries! Such gooseberries! Such splendid glades to explore, and always the thrill of a certain amount of danger.

"There are bears, aren't there?" queried Gerry. "I wish I could see one. Dad has given Joyce a rifle — look! isn't it a ripper? I'm to have one on my fifteenth birthday if I've grown wisdom teeth. Won't I have some sport!"

"I'd rather not be within range," laughed Nicko. "You'd shoot first and be cautious afterwards. I guess your father will be safer if the wisdom teeth come slow."

Gerry tossed her head and without deigning to reply ran off after her father. Those stiff arms of hers made her the least bit irritable,

though she excused herself by saying that Dad must be looked after.

Nicko raised his brows and looked enquiringly at Joyce.

"Did I make her angry?" he asked. "Sorry! I didn't mean to. She's some quicksilver, but a real chum. Shall I go after her?"

Joyce knew better.

"She loves to keep Dad hunting round," she replied; "don't fuss. Gerry couldn't sulk if she tried. Say, Nicko, couldn't we have a bit of sport on our own?"

And, stooping, she pointed to where, through the tangle of foliage, they could see deer drinking from a pool, their hoofs deeply imbedded amongst lily-pods.

"They look 'most too pretty to kill," breathed Joyce, half repenting her suggestion, "but it would be a fine supply of meat to take with us."

Nicko nodded. They were too far off to disturb the gentle animals, but he knew a good deal more than Joyce about the difficulties of deer-stalking. To kill one would establish his reputation with his companions as a fine shot — and Nicko's one vanity was his shooting. Gerry would have insisted on accompanying him, but Joyce hung back, afraid of spoiling sport.

Nicko crawled to a clump of bushes, then lying flat on his stomach wriggled forward in most approved fashion. Joyce could not restrain her eagerness and — unnoticed — advanced on tip-toe. She was full of admiration for Nicko who now rose to his knees and took aim.

One moment though! Amongst the bushes immediately before him a rustling sound told of some other living creature. A fox? A badger? Surely not . . . a wolf?

Plenty of the latter in the wilds and, though they hunted in packs, it was no uncommon thing for a solitary timber wolf to attack an explorer.

Nicko, gripping his rifle, half forgot the grazing deer as he thrust his head forward to peer amongst the undergrowth.

Gee-whiz! And it *was* whizz too — and whir . . . r as well! A mass of feathers, wildly beating wings, the noisiest protest in *fowl* language, and Nicko's rifle fell with a clatter as Nicko sprawled on his back, having received the charge of a wild turkey full in his face.

Away scampered the deer in headlong flight, splashing their way to safety through shallow water,

whilst Joyce's cry of alarm changed to a giggle of amusement at the graphic picture of the discomfited hero, squatting on the ground with that ungainly bird squawking its indignation in his face.

It is no joke, however, to swallow feathers, or receive the ferocious pecks of a full grown turkey on the back of your neck, and Nicko, roaring his wrath, swiftly grappled with the enemy and wrung its neck.

"Poor old boy!" sympathized Joyce, choking back her mirth at sight of Nicko's red and scarred countenance. "After all — roast turkey will be just as good as venison, and look — here are six turkey eggs — beauties — one each for tea. Won't Gerry be jealous!"

Nicko gave himself a vicious shake.

"I'd have had that stag," he vowed, "I'd drawn a bead on him — it was a dead certainty if only that beastly bird hadn't gotten up."

And Joyce heroically swallowed a last laugh at the hero's expense.

Perhaps it was just as well Gerry had not been there!

CHAPTER VI

The Warning

WE are nearing the end of our journey by water," said Professor Alford contentedly, and a very pleasant one, too. The day after tomorrow we shall be saying good-bye to our guides, and have to trust to our own bumps of locality. Of course Nicko has the advantage of us there."

Nicko shook his head.

"Dad and I went on a queer trail after leaving Star River," he replied. "You see, we tried to lead possible spies off the track. We don't know if we succeeded for we never saw anyone, but we think it must have been all right, though Darroll's Boys got the wind up about our being in search of gold."

"I hate the feeling of being watched", said Joyce, "and — isn't it funny? — I've had it for the last two days, especially when we had to carry the canoes and baggage. Of course, it is nonsense."

"H'm", replied her father, getting up and strolling leisurely towards a tamarack tree beyond the clearing, "this does not *quite* look like nonsense, for I could swear it was not here half an hour ago."

And he pointed to an arrow, tipped with short black and white feathers, which still quivered in the

(Continued on page 36)

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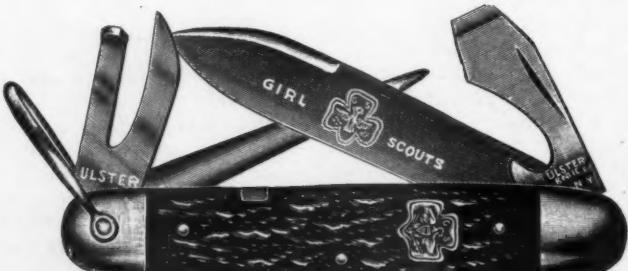
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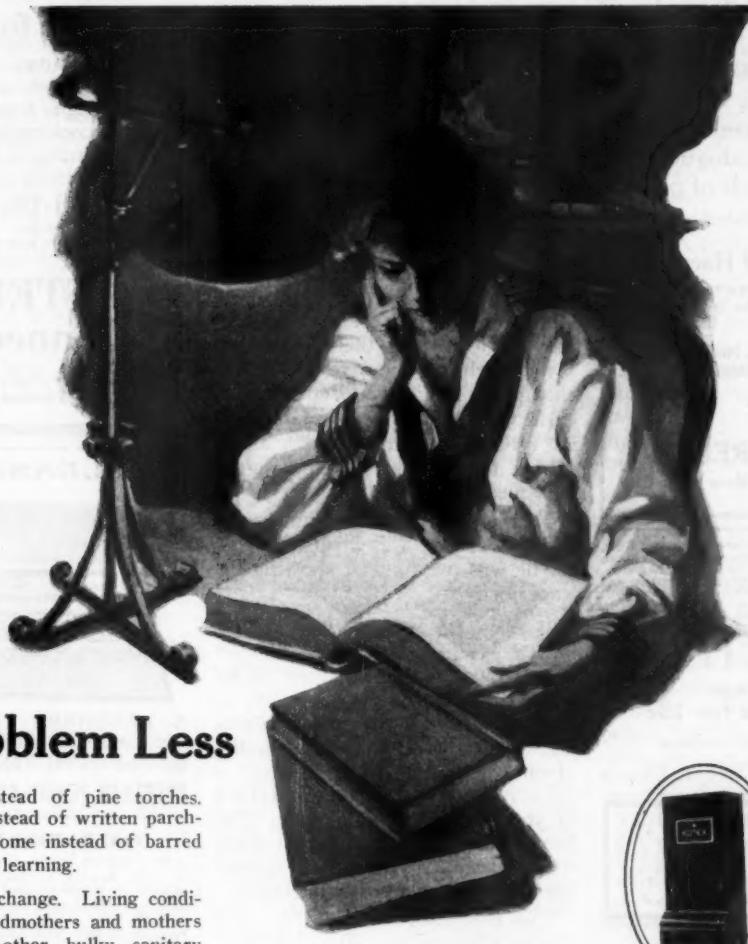
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JOYCE, GERRY AND NICKO

(Continued from page 33.)

bark of the tree. The girls and Nicko came to look at the ominous little weapon which in some indefinable way held a silent warning.

"That's queer," said Nicko. "I haven't seen a sign of an Indian about, and of course there's no reserve anywhere near. That arrow won't have been shot by any of Mr. Agent's barn-door fowls! Let's ask the Guides right now what they make of it."

Gerry had already plucked the arrow from the tree and ran back with it to the Indians who were resting near the canoe. Gerry was quite prime favorite with both Bear Shirt and Grey Axe. She was the friendliest at all times, and her daring and nimbleness amused these lynx-eyed sons of the forest. But they started out of their usual apathy at sight of the arrow, and exchanged a few rapid sentences to each other in their native language.

"What does it mean?" asked Nicko impatiently. "Is it—danger? Is it meant for a warning?"

Neither of the men answered. Nicko was not a favorite! Possibly he was too fond of showing his 'superiority'.

It was to the Professor they turned, addressing him in the Algonquin tongue, which he spoke perfectly.

"Our white father receives warning," said Bear Shirt significantly, "from the heart of the forest; a voice speaks to him saying 'Return to your home, white chief! The forest has nought for thee but death—and despair. Return in safety, for a snake lies across the trail!'"

The Professor nodded.

"Good," said he. "I thank you, Bear Shirt, for the message. Forewarned is forearmed."

The Indian's eyes glistened.

"And my white father will return?" he asked.

"When I have found what I came to find," retorted Alford, calmly.

Bear Shirt's hands clenched.

"My white father thinks of gold," said he, "of the yellow stone which holds magic for the pale-faces. But he is not wise. Better return empty than to return not at all. There are ghosts on the trail, my white father. It is time to escape from them."

"Nonsense," retorted the Professor testily. "You must think we have the hearts of squaws, my



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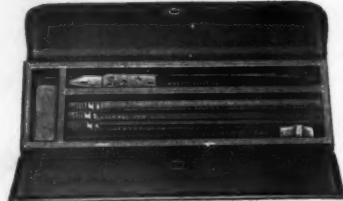
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Sample Copy 15 Cents

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
Arcadia
SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

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friend, to give us such words. We come to the heart of the wilds for no evil purpose. Our thoughts are peace thoughts for the red-men. They go their way—we go ours. If we find their lodges far from the reserve our eyes will be blind. Can you not take this word to your friends?"

The Indians' faces became inscrutable.

"Where are our friends, my white father?" said Grey Axe blandly. "Are they not in the reserve? the home measured for us by the pale-faces? No, we are but guides—men of the river and the canoe. We lay our hands upon our lips knowing nothing more."

And nothing more indeed would either of them admit!

Stolid, indifferent, silent, they remained after the one vivid sentence of warning had been rejected. There was no more to be said! But, for all that, the arrow remained as a most uncomfortable 'thorn in the flesh' to the travellers.

"Do you really think many of the Indians have escaped from the reserve, father?" asked Joyce that same evening as they gathered round the fire, leaving Bear Shirt and Grey Axe talking together out of ear-shot.

The Professor nodded. He had made a life-long study of the mysterious 'red-man' and his ways, and knew the intimate history of the tribes.

"I am sure of it", he replied, "especially Algonquins. They are the most subtle and the cleverest of all the North American Indians. Among other tribes they have always been famed as sorcerers, and there is little doubt that before the coming of the white man they dabbed in black art. They are great singers, too, and love music—but their love of fighting is as strong or stronger than with Blackfeet, Choc-taws, or all the rest of them."

"A strange tribe, a very interesting tribe, but extremely difficult to deal with. If the Algonquins have built their lodges in the unexplored wilds of Temagami there is trouble for every prospector or explorer that sets foot in the neighborhood!"

"Dad was pretty sure that they had a secret village, or whatever they call it," said Nicko. "He gathered as much from another Indian. The Algonquins are in force somewhere under a certain Chief Yellow Head."

The Professor looked more anxious than he had appeared to be before, and the girls noticed that when Nicko had gone off for a solitary fishing expedition their father went to talk to their guides.

"I'm not sure that I trust Bear Shirt," said Joyce to her sister. "He is always silent but since the shooting of that arrow which he calls a warning he had been positively ill-tempered. If Nicko had not been very careful he would have quarreled with him today and it really was not Nicko's fault."

Gerry stared across at the three who stood by a clump of spruce trees. The Professor was evidently trying to be persuasive but met with little response. He came back to the girls, frowning.

"Obstinate beggars," he grumbled. "I believe they guess more about our *holiday* in the forest than they allow us to suppose, and though they could tell us all we want to know about that arrow not a word will they speak. If I thought they were in communication with the Algonquins escaped from the reserve, I'd pack them off back to Rib Lake—and I'm not sure that I wouldn't go myself!"

This despondent mood was so unlike the happy-go-lucky, wait-till-the-trouble-comes Professor, that both Joyce and Gerry looked grave. As Gerry confessed to her sister—"forests which no one has ever explored do give one the squiggles—at bed time, especially, when 'bed' is the moss growing under sentinel pines!"

But one's bogey feelings melt away with the dawning, and after their morning bath the travellers were giants refreshed.

"All's grist that comes to our mill," laughed Nicko, as he helped himself to a not too successful 'flap-jack' baked by Gerry—who had urged her right to be Cook sometimes.

This was to be the last day's river journey. Their Indian guides were to leave them at Lone Pine clearing, as marked on Nicko's map.

"We've got a long way to go," whistled Nicko, as he helped Joyce to pack up. "I suppose the Professor has gone off to that queer little lake to grab the roots of his latest *flora*. I'm afraid I'm too much like the old blighter who saw a yellow primrose by a river bank and knew it *was* a primrose. Say, Joy, what are you laughing at?"

"You," retorted Joyce, "it's a pity you can't be a Guide—or a Scout—you'd learn to make lots of inward observations."

"Right-o," replied Nicko, jumping up, "it's about time we *were* observing. Look at that!" And he pointed to where one of the canoes, carelessly fastened to the bank by the Indians had broken its moorings and was careering gaily amid stream preparatory to drifting away out of sight.

The imminence of the catastrophe threw Nicko off his guard and his naturally quick temper blazed.

"You fools", he shouted to the squatting Indians, "what do you mean by risking the loss of one of the canoes? If you don't look sharp and get it back you'll find yourselves in trouble".

And he rushed along the bank, watching his chance to head off the canoe and dive into the river in front of it. But he was too late. The canoe, now gliding rapidly in the current, would easily have outraced him and vanished down stream. Nicko halted to shout to the Indians to bring along the second canoe, but hardly were the words out of his mouth than the unexpected happened.

Hereabouts, many of the larger trees grew quite close to the river, and some spread their branches, thick with summer foliage, over the water. As the errant canoe floated on its way it passed under the shadow of one of these branches when lo! a pair of lean legs encased in long boots and soft gaiters dangled from the bough. Down flopped an elfin figure dressed in short leather skirt and tunic, while Gerry, snatching the paddle, beat a furious and not too graceful measure upon the water.

She had not much idea of paddling, but the little served to bring her to the bank, water drops glistening in her dark locks and a grin—like the famous one from Cheshire—spreading from ear to ear.

"Well done", yelled Nicko. "Well played, Guides, splendid! You've saved the situation. Say! you were *'Prepared'* for it that time all right."

Gerry chuckled as she scrambled up the bank.

"Just luck", she said. "The canoe came to me—I didn't go to it. It was a bull's-eye, wasn't it? But what's wrong with the men? They look angry."



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Nicko turned. Of course, now he was cool he remembered he ought to have spoken more politely to the ticklish gentlemen with their native dignity. Both Bear Shirt and Grey Axe looked angry, and scowled at the three 'Yengees' who so plainly thought themselves their superiors.

"You'd better apologize, hadn't you," said Joyce shyly. "Father says Algonquins are tremendously proud."

Nicko flushed. "I'm hanged if I'll apologize to any dirty Red-skin," he retorted indignantly; "if they're mad they'll have to get over it. I called them fools and idiots, which I guess was right. If it hadn't been for Gerry we should have been in a nice old pickle. Say! we'd better give the Professor a call and start right now. We shan't reach Lone Pine Clearing till after dark."

Joyce and Gerry yielded to his insistence. Joyce had half a mind to go back and make peace herself with the angry guides, but perhaps it would be better for Dad to do it as he had so much more perfect a knowledge of their language. Yes, yes, Dad would do it. So off they went and, after brief searching, discovered the missing one returning in a state of ecstasy over a rare and perfect specimen of a butterfly.

His contentment was rather damped on hearing of the little 'difference' with the guides.

"Bear Shirt is ready to pick a quarrel on the least provocation", he said. "I shall be glad to reach the end of the river journey. Meantime, I will make peace for you, Nicko, though you will have to apologize, for all our sakes."

He emphasized the last words as he saw the angry flush on Nicko's face. But alas! after all there was no need for Nicko to do battle with his pride for, at that moment, Joyce's voice was heard in loud lament.

"Dad! Nicko, Gerry! Come quick! The canoes have gone—and so have the Indians!"

(To be continued)

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CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 26)

to grab poor frightened Mate, whose dilated eyes were horror-filled as the boat swooped down upon her rapidly, threatening to drown her.

Sylvia let her boat come almost upon the box on the bottom of which they now saw Mate was clinging. Then, with a daring stroke, Sylvia pushed the rudder hard down and let the boat swing off. Mercifully she did not jibe, nor did the suddenly released boom hit little Mate, crouching, clinging, trembling.

Mr. Bell's arm shot out, Mate rose high in the air, made a half circle and dropped safe into the standing room of the catboat, while O'Malley rose, trembling with excitement, and his mistress did the same.

"Oh, we've got her! 'Tis Mate! Isn't that great? Gabriel is so fond of her. Can you dry her and warm her, father, while I get back on our course?" cried Sylvia, putting about.

Mr. Bell lifted the shivering cat gently and, rubbing her fur with his woolen glove, put her carefully inside his coat.

"A small thing to face the great ocean alone, aren't you, little lady?" he asked so pityingly that Sylvia felt her heart go out to him as if she had never known him before.

"Father, it's what I love best, to be strong, and yet tender to little, little things, that lots of people overlook," she cried impetuously. "I've got to tell you something; I've long thought I ought to 'fess it: When you used to be so buried, I used to wonder how my mother learned to love you. Now I know!"

"Don't you think, possibly, love of her—and love of you—taught me tenderness? It seems to me we learn to pity and to love all little living things through love for great, living creatures, Sylvia," said Mr. Bell.

"I should think that would be one way," said Sylvia. "I always loved them because they were so dear, and because I didn't have—" She checked herself with a frightened look.

"Poor little lonely child!" said her father. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, no! I'm sorry! It doesn't matter. I was just as jolly as a cricket, in spite of wishing a little bit! And nothing matters now.

(Continued on page 41)

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By WILBUR F. CANNON

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Another collector will collect only stamps which show the portrait of some man or woman. And he has a regular picture gallery. Still another collector, a Miss Drake, will collect no stamp unless it has a picture of some ship; while another collector will collect only stamps which have a figure of some building. Both have very interesting collections, — and neither cost



their owner a great deal. But they have had many hours of fun getting the stamps together. The stamps illustrated above are from their collections—aren't they attractive?

In a recent issue we told you about some various things that have been printed on the back of stamps. Recently, we found some Spanish stamps, which had on their backs some Latin prayers. They are using stamps for almost every purpose now.



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CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 39.)

I'm happier than anyone else in the world."

Sylvia let out her sail; the boat came on at a good speed, with a sufficient headway to drive her well inshore. Gabriel Gaby's shack stood straight before them. In front of it sat Gabriel, clasping his knees, despondency clearly indicated by his position. He did not rise as the boat came in.

"Mourning Mate!" said Sylvia, pointing to him. "Poor old Gabriel! She's all he has. He thinks she drifted out to sea."

The Walloping Window Blind grounded with a force that drove her up on the sand, her keel buried.

"Heigh-ho, Gabriel! I've brought her in to you," called Sylvia, as she sprang over the rail, followed by her father, and almost tripped up by O'Malley.

"I'll tend to her, Sylvie," said Gabriel, dispiritedly.

Mr. Bell opened his coat and displayed Mate, dry, and beginning to cease trembling.

Before he could speak Gabriel Gaby sprang up with a shrill cry.

"Mate, as I'm a sinner!" he cried, "Mate, when I thought she'd gone down on me! Oh, come right here, my little Matie! Your poor old daddy thought you'd drowned!"

It was funny, yet pathetic. The old sailor's voice quivered with emotion, he took his cat in his arms and laid his cheek upon her, so grateful to get her back that no one could have laughed at him.

"She's been sleepin' in that old box, and it floated off. I knew just what'd happened, though I didn't see it. She's all I've got. Well, I'm greatly obligated, that's sure. 'Tis a catboat you sailed this time, sure enough! She's a wonderful nice cat, Mr. Bell. You can't appreciate how I feel to her; you've got Sylvie!"

"That's one reason why I do appreciate your feeling, old friend," said Mr. Bell, gently. "I'm glad we came along in time to save her. You must come up to my house this winter, often. Sylvia will play and sing to you. We are going to share our warm happiness, and Sylvia is very fond of you, Gabriel."

"Well, in one way she'd oughter be. I ain't lamblike, but it's the same reason why the lamb loved

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Mary so, an' you know what that is! Good-bye. Awful thankful. Don't worry a mite over the boat; she'll be fixed up better than ever this year."

Gabriel watched Sylvia and her father away with a full heart, happy with Mate's tired little body nestled in his neck.

"Strange, isn't it, father?" said Sylvia, after a long silence.

"That love, and kindness, and goodness mean so much to us all? I don't think so, my dear. I think there is nothing in my beloved science, in ambition, in fame, in glory, in anything, that weighs a feather in the balance against right thinking, true aims, real love. That's stretching our Gaby's text somewhat, but that may serve as the starting point of our deduction," said Mr. Bell, laying his hand on his tall girl's shoulder as they walked.

"That sounds wise, father! I hope I'll keep that for my sailing chart," said Sylvia, covering the hand with her own, but not forgetting to pat the faithful comrade who had been hers in the old solitary days, as O'Malley jealously leaped up to remind her that he, too, was there and loved her.

"If you do, you'll be a woman that enriches the world, dear. Sailing by that chart will mean a happy Captain Sylvia," said her father.

And thus from the last sail of the season. Captain Sylvia and her father went contentedly homeward—homeward together.

THE END.

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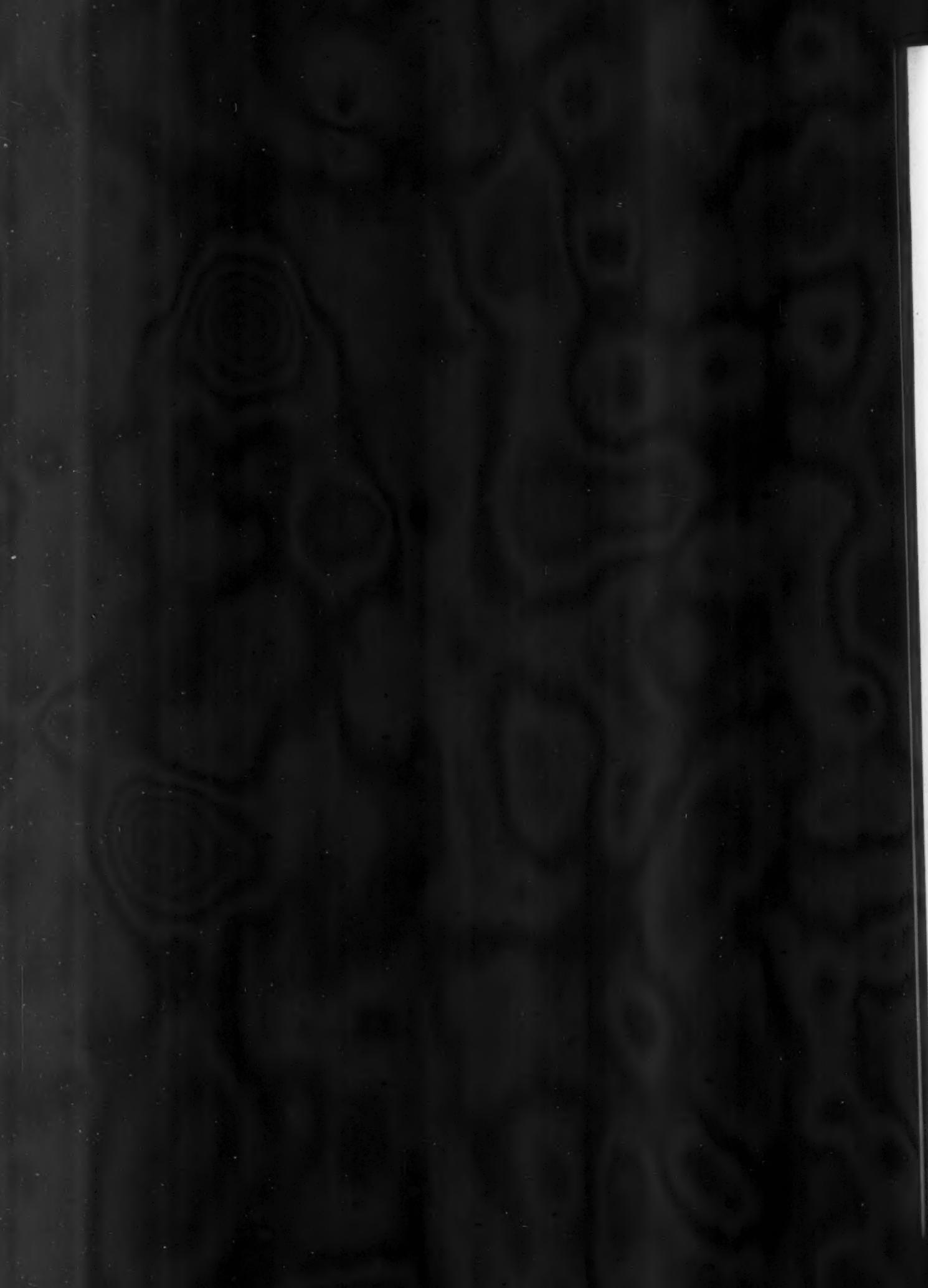
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14	32	41
16	34	44
18	36	45 1/2
20	38	46 1/2

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3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c "
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